THE LIVING AGE

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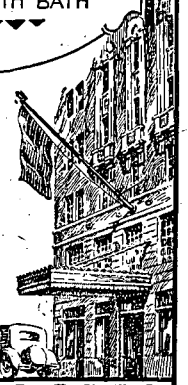

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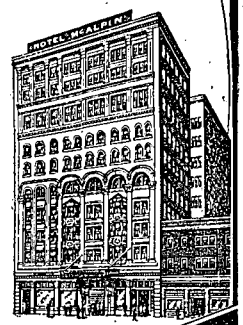

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THE GUIDE POST

AS DIRECTOR GENERAL of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, Sir Henri Deterding has sometimes clashed and sometimes coöperated with the leaders of the American oil industry. In power and prestige he stands head and shoulders above any other Englishman in the business and he is therefore not given to expressing himself freely or frequently in print. The present article was written especially for a recent issue of *L'Europe Nouvelle* which was devoted entirely to oil.

The name of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi is so closely associated with the Pan-European movement which he founded that it is a surprise to find him suddenly discussing Africa. He proves, however, that the enlightened exploitation of the Dark Continent should be the next task for Europe to undertake.

Annette Kolb is a German newspaper woman who has just written a book about Briand. Her description of the interview he gave her in the Quai d'Orsay provides one more piece of evidence that Germany entertains high hopes of an eventual and complete reconciliation with France.

WILLIAM MARTIN, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, has just returned from a trip through Egypt and the Near East. His long familiarity with England and the English enables him to give about as fair-minded a picture of Palestine at the present moment as it is possible to obtain.

Dr. Richard Lewinsohn is the financial editor of the *Vossische Zeitung* and the author of an exciting life of Sir Basil Zaharoff that was published in America this fall. He, too, has been touring the Near East and he reports that Mosul oil has proved to be such a snare and a delusion that the British are only too pleased to clear out of Irak as soon as possible.

France comes in for some very harsh words from Mr. George Glasgow, a frequent contributor to the British weeklies. He gives a candid statement of just what is happening to the world's gold supply and blames most of Britain's troubles on the frugal French.

A possible solution of the impossible position that England now occupies is a return to the silver standard. Curiously enough, this suggestion does not come from a British equivalent to William Jennings Bryan but from the venerable Mr. J. F. Darling, a former managing director of the London Joint City and Midland Bank—which is every bit as conservative and powerful an institution as it sounds.

STALIN'S fiftieth birthday was greeted with such tremendous enthusiasm in Russia and in the editorial offices of various Communist newspapers in less favored parts of the world that we decided to give our readers a representative outburst. After prolonged meditation—but of course no prayer whatever—we chose the leading editorial from the *Rote Fahne*, official Communist organ in Berlin.

Lucien Laurat writes regularly for *Progrès Civique*, a liberal, not to say radical, Paris weekly. His remarks on the now painfully familiar subject of American prosperity are based on statistics compiled by Mr. Julius H. Barnes of the Department of Commerce, but the conclusions arrived at are entirely the writer's own.

The storms that have been ravaging the coasts of Europe this winter have given rise to many exploits of extraordinary heroism. Mr. E. P. Ortweiler, a passenger on the *Baltic*, describes the thrilling rescue of a fishing schooner's crew, executed by a group of volunteers in the face of almost sure death.

THE vexed question of heavier- versus lighter-than-air machines is discussed by an aviation expert in the light of a new book by the man who built one of Britain's big new dirigibles. Apparently the ideal conveyance of the future will be a metal balloon that can light on the water.

The War-book craze has hit England hard—so hard, in fact, that certain indignant patriots have protested against the insidious pacifism of *All Quiet on the Western Front* and similar stories. 'Yaffle,' a humorous contributor to the radical *New Leader*, writes a satiric plea for books that will make war a brighter thing than it really, perhaps, is.

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

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THE WORLD OVER

WHATEVER ELSE THE London Naval Conference may accomplish, it is at least likely to save the MacDonald Cabinet from immediate disaster. Three months ago the Labor Party's prestige was at its height, due largely to achievements in the field of foreign affairs, but the autumn session of Parliament changed the situation completely. First of all, the Government failed to keep its own followers in line and finally it was nearly thrown out of office by a burst of oratory from Mr. Lloyd George. Were it not for the fact that the country as a whole supports Mr. MacDonald in his demand for naval disarmament, the following editorial paragraph from the Conservative *Saturday Review*, discussing Mr. Lloyd George's speech, might be taken entirely seriously:—

> Mr. Lloyd George's speech was a terrific affair. Brilliant in form and substance, it proved him still a force to be reckoned with in politics, and leads on to speculation regarding the possible outcome of his undoubted reëmergence. But why precisely did he choose to wind up a coruscating performance with such uncompromising personalities? The venerable beard of the Minister of Mines is neither a difficult nor a notably deserving target for the singeing iron. Did the Liberal leader's tongue run away with him as it has often done before, or was it malice aforethought? On the answer to this depends the probable course of

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4

ENGLISH, FRENCH, and ITALIAN delegates at the SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE propose dropping all ALLIED CLAIMS for REPARATIONS against AUSTRIA.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6

GERMAN MINISTRY of TRANSPORT withdraws state subsidy from all the AIRPLANE PLANTS in the country except four.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7

GERMAN GOVERNMENT promises that the special REPARATIONS TREATY made with the UNITED STATES does not mean that AMERICA will receive precedence over other ALLIED POWERS in receiving REPARATIONS PAYMENTS.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8

PRINCE HUMBERT of PIEDMONT, heir to the throne of ITALY, marries PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ, only daughter of the KING and QUEEN of BELGIUM.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9

AMERICAN DELEGATION to LONDON CONFERENCE sails from HOBOKEN.

AMERICAN STATE DEPARTMENT announces that AMBASSADOR DAWES has signed a TRIPARTITE CONVENTION between the UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, and IRAK, which gives to AMERICANS the same rights in IRAK as are enjoyed by citizens of countries belonging to the LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10

A. V. ALEXANDER, FIRST LORD of the BRITISH ADMIRALTY, says that ENGLAND is willing to cut her minimum CRUISER STRENGTH to FIFTY VESSELS, reserving, however, the right to revise those figures in 1936.

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events at Westminster after Christmas. If Mr. Lloyd George meant to make it impossible for the Government to meet his demands, meant to declare open war on Labor, then the breach will widen and we shall have a general election in the new year, possibly before Easter.

At the same moment, the London *Times* attempted an editorial stock-taking of Laborite achievement which certainly does not sound impressive, even allowing for that paper's Conservative bias:—

It is truly said that the gulf between the Liberal and Labor Parties has never been wider. For this important development in the political situation the Government are chiefly responsible. The actual Parliamentary performances of ministers, though unimpressive, have not been unprecedentedly inferior. But as a body they have shown two fatal characteristics, which have completely destroyed the reality of the invitations to coöperate thrown out to other parties from time to time from the Treasury bench. In the first place, a lack of a sense of humor has involved them in needless difficulties. No one, for instance, who heard Mr. Lloyd George's references to Mr. Ben Turner in the debate on the Coal Mines Bill could have supposed that they were intended to be, or were in themselves, offensive. Nevertheless, the touchiness of the Government made them the excuse for delaying a reply on matters of high policy and thereby nearly caused a first-class political crisis. In the second place, the Government has a quite peculiar sense of its own infallibility. It would almost appear from its attitude as though it believed that no Government had ever done any work before.

This self-importance and self-sufficiency in an administration which has the clearest of reasons to walk modestly and warily leads to that disparagement of the House of Commons which, as already pointed out in these columns, has antagonized many potential neutrals.

Still another editorial in the same journal discusses the failure of Mr. J. H. Thomas to relieve unemployment:—

A casual observation of Mr. Thomas's activities has made the public aware of the unceasing enterprise that has marked his investigation of the possibilities of increasing employment by the development of resources at home and the expansion of trade abroad. He has at his command the theoretical reasoning of the Socialist Party—which apparently functions now only to stab him in the back—the practical advice and experience of business men with broad knowledge of industry and trade, and the expert opinion of all the political economists whom he cares to consult. All the resources of the Government of the day are at his call. Yet he admitted to the House of Commons that the result of six months' strenuous work is a handful of palliatives following a well-known prescription, suitable for temporary application only; and that there is no true remedy save one, which is the revival of trade and especially of export trade. There is no sovereign political cure.

Yet, at the same time, neither of the two older parties craves a general election. Only a first-class catastrophe or a Parliamentary *coup d'état* by Lloyd George could bring that about. And, under the circumstances, both these eventualities are equally improbable.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11

PHILIP SNOWDEN tells GERMAN DELEGATES at the HAGUE, 'If you prefer the DAWES PLAN, say so here and now.'

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12

BRITISH GOVERNMENT informs FRANCE that it considers that the KELLOGG PACT makes possible a further reduction of armaments.

MONDAY, JANUARY 13

ITALY demands naval parity with FRANCE or no treaty.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 14

VISCOUNT GREY of FALLODON denounces LLOYD GEORGE's leadership of the LIBERAL PARTY.

FRENCH MINISTRY of FINANCE shows a surplus of more than 6,600,000,000 francs in tax collections over estimates for the budgets.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15

RAMSAY MACDONALD announces that the present BRITISH GOVERNMENT desires the elimination of BATTLESHIPS from all the navies in the world.

GERMAN DELEGATES at SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE agree to TARDIEU's demand that SANCTIONS can be employed against GERMANY if the WORLD COURT decides that any GERMAN GOVERNMENT has deliberately tried to destroy the YOUNG PLAN.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16

GENEVA celebrates the TENTH ANNIVERSARY of the LEAGUE OF NATIONS while WASHINGTON celebrates the tenth anniversary of PROHIBITION.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17

SECRETARY STIMSON and RAMSAY MACDONALD confer secretly in LONDON for three hours.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19

PARAGUAYAN WAR MINISTER announces that a BOLIVIAN PATROL attacked a PARAGUAYAN ENCAMPMENT, killed one soldier, and was then repulsed.

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WHEN PRIMO DE RIVERA proclaimed his dictatorship in 1923 he announced that he would establish order and retire within the space of three months. More than six years have now passed and during that time he has repeated his intentions of retiring on no less than ten separate occasions. Yet it was not until this last December that he was taken at his word, and in consequence the political future of Spain becomes at last a live subject of discussion. The reasons for the dictator's retirement are three in number. First and foremost, the apathy of the general public toward his government has now assumed really alarming proportions. William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, describes in these terms the losing battle that Primo has been waging against the forces of democracy:—

> Supported by the Army, the only organized force in a politically apathetic nation, the General appeared invincible. Yet it was this same national inertia that vanquished him, and the much maligned Spanish people has given proof of having attained political maturity and developed the spirit of democracy to an unexpected and praiseworthy degree. For the truth is that if General Primo de Rivera relinquishes his office it will be because the dictatorship has been conquered by democracy, and it can also fairly be said that this struggle has been going on unceasingly ever since the first six weeks of his régime. But only in the course of the last year did it become inexorable.

The second difficulty that Primo has been unable to overcome is of an economic and financial order. At one time he boasted that he had saved the peseta, but the failure of the two great expositions at Barcelona and Seville helped to bring on a financial crisis. Señor Francisco Cambó, one of the old-régime politicians, whose abilities make him a force to be reckoned with in the future, has written a study of dictatorships in which he asserts that these governments only flourish in countries with a high degree of illiteracy, a high death rate, and weak foreign trade. Spain, he points out, is twentieth from the top—or fifth from the bottom—of all European countries in regard to illiteracy, her death rate is the fourth highest, and in foreign trade per capita she holds eighteenth place. His conclusion is that heroic measures are needed to save the day.

King Alfonso XIII presents the third problem. For months he has been trying without success to find a suitable successor to Primo, with whom he is now forced to coöperate in working out a satisfactory transition to some form of constitutional government. His royal post, however, prevents him from assisting as enthusiastically as he might, because many advocates of a new constitution would like to see a Republic established and Primo himself has shown marked signs of friendliness toward the Socialists and the labor leaders, nearly all of whom oppose the monarchy. The coming year will not be a quiet one in Spain.

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ARTHUR RANSOME, one of the *Manchester Guardian's* most trusted correspondents, writes from Egypt that the overwhelming victory of the Wafd or Nationalist Party does not by any means imply that the Draft Treaty prepared by Arthur Henderson and hotly opposed by the Tories will be accepted. After explaining that election methods in Egypt are the world's worst, Mr. Ransome makes this prophecy:—

> As for the effect of the election on the future of the treaty, it might be supposed that Nahas, with almost a solid House behind him, should be able easily to conclude a treaty on the lines of the proposals, of which so far no Wafdist has publicly expressed disapproval. But I am inclined to think that the seemingly solid Wafd vote will not remain so for very long.
>
> There are powerful influences, both Egyptian and foreign, which have reasons for not desiring the departure of the British troops from the capital. Already it is rumored that a popular vernacular paper is about to begin a campaign against the treaty. The treaty will not be attacked for the true reason that the retention of British troops is desired, but on the grounds that it does not go far enough. This line of argument is the hardest for the Wafd to resist. The difficulties of the Wafd begin after the election, and the conclusion of the treaty will become more difficult for them with every day's postponement of the preliminary steps.

GERMANY'S FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES that culminated in the resignation of Dr. Hilferding as Minister of Finance are interpreted by Georg Bernhard, powerful editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, as a struggle between the House of Morgan and Dillon, Read and Company. During the Paris deliberations last spring Dr. Schacht was thrown in close touch with both Mr. Morgan and Mr. Lamont, and the agreement they reached there, embodied in the Young Plan, has led many Germans to believe that the President of the Reichsbank and the Morgan group of bankers see eye to eye on certain problems of world finance. In any case, Dr. Schacht protested so vigorously against Hilferding's plan to raise a short-term foreign loan that he succeeded in forcing the Government to substitute a domestic redemption fund in its place. Here is what Herr Bernhard has to say about the whole transaction:—

> The German Finance Minister had begun negotiating with Dillon, Read, but these negotiations were wrecked by Dr. Schacht, who may or may not have known that they were going on, but who, in any case, delivered his pronouncement. When questioned by the Government, Dillon, Read replied that the money would be forthcoming if the President of the Reichsbank would not oppose the loan aggressively. With only one exception, the German banks which had originally been ready to take up this loan in conjunction with the American banking firm did not dare to oppose the powerful President of the Reichsbank. It should be said here and now that Dr. Schacht's protest was most unfortunate, but justice compels us to acknowledge that the Government should not have

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entered into such far-reaching negotiations without the thorough coöperation of the President of the Reichsbank, because the relations between the American money market and the world money market must always be kept clearly in mind.

Dillon, Read and Company is being bitterly opposed in America by the firm of J. P. Morgan, of which Mr. Parker Gilbert, the present Agent General for Reparations, is to become a partner, and it now seems that Dillon, Read will not be given the option it had hoped for on all foreign loans. Indeed, Morgan opposed the project. He alarmed French public opinion by announcing that such loans would make it difficult for him, as the representative of French interests, to turn the first German loans to the advantage of France. Against such powerful and unexpected opposition the German Ministry of Finance could not put through its plans. It had to bow to the will of Schacht in order to raise money for use at home and it had to provide a sinking fund out of ordinary national income.

This victory of Morgan's—for that is what it amounts to—will cost a high price in the form of the increased interest rates which the Reich must pay. Dillon, Read's loan would have been raised at 7¼ per cent, but the Reich must pay the German banks 8.8 per cent.

THE THEORY THAT WOMEN are more conservative in their politics than men has been substantiated by the *Berliner Tageblatt* in an analysis it has made of the votes cast during the last municipal election in the German capital. More than three million voters are registered in Greater Berlin, about 55 per cent of them being women and about 45 per cent men, although three-quarters of the registered male voters actually cast their ballots, as compared with only two-thirds of the women. A thorough investigation of the returns indicates that the two religious parties—the Christian People's Service Party and the Centre Party—received about twice as many votes from women as from men, while 60 per cent of the Nationalist vote came from the weaker sex. The extremist groups, on the other hand, both to the left and right, derived most of their support from the male element. Further estimates show that if there had been no women's vote, the Communists would have had eight more seats on the Town Council and the Nationalists six fewer. The Socialist representation would have remained unaffected.

THE ROME CORRESPONDENT of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* has spun an ingenious theory in regard to Italy's future as a colonial power. After pointing out that the country's period of expansion did not begin under Mussolini but under Crispi and that during the War Italian statesmanship had sought to gain advantages abroad, he indicates that the Fascist Government now faces an impasse. France refuses to allow any Italian encroachment in North Africa and Britain's Labor Cabinet has so little sympathy with what Mussolini stands for

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that he is not likely to find much support in that quarter. The following course of action has therefore been suggested, not only in the columns of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, but in diplomatic circles generally:—

> The plan would call for a complete divergence of Italy from France and England and would involve an entente between Italy and the world of Islam as well as a German-Russian-Italian bloc against British naval hegemony. It should be pointed out, of course, that this is only a theory that certain colonial interests in Italy are discussing and is not in any way an official plan. Nevertheless, a further analysis of this plan is most interesting, however Utopian it may seem to be. The Arabian states and Turkey are anti-European in the political field—in other words anti-French and anti-British. Angora to-day is a political centre of gravity toward which Persia and Afghanistan are being drawn, and the close political ties that bind Kemal Pasha and the Soviet Union are well known. The result is that if Italy continues to cultivate her friendly relations with Yemen, Turkey, and Persia, and if she wants to chime in with Moscow's anti-British policies, she is in a position to inaugurate a new era in Mediterranean, Levantine, and African politics by turning to Asia.

The possible orientation of Italy in the direction of Germany and the East should have an important bearing on her attitude at the London Naval Conference and may prove to be a distinct asset when the time comes to strike some kind of bargain.

POPE PIUS XI brought the Church year to a close with an utterance that contained several striking references to the bad faith of the Fascist Government. His chief complaint had to do with the Catholic Action Movement and the Catholic press, neither of which, he asserted, had been treated in accordance with the express stipulations of the Lateran Accords. His other grievances, although enumerated in detail, are really of minor importance. He disapproves of two statues now being erected in Rome, one representing the wife of Garibaldi, the other the philosopher, Bruno, who was burned as a heretic in 1600. Furthermore, a certain Signor Missiroli has published a book entitled *Render unto Cæsar* which expounds the official Fascist policy toward the Church. The Italian press was not allowed to comment immediately on the Pope's outburst, but a reply from Mussolini is expected at any moment. It is felt that a grave situation may be at hand because the Pope has not only brought up the serious problem of State interference with the Catholic Action Movement and the Catholic press, but he has given the impression of going out of his way to dwell upon certain unimportant matters in such a way as to offend the Fascists' pride.

LONDON IS ATTACHING extraordinary importance to a series of 'revelations' made by Hector C. Bywater, naval correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, proving that the United States now possesses

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greater naval strength than Great Britain. Basing his assertions on information which he said was assembled in Washington for the American delegates, Mr. Bywater makes six different points which can be roughly summarized as follows: 1. The United States is the only country in the world possessing a complete fleet of oil-burning, post-Jutland capital ships, and these ships mount 192 heavy turret guns as against 166 corresponding guns for the British fleet. 2. The United States post-War cruiser fleet, built and building, has 23 ships to Britain's 15. 3. The United States destroyer fleet comprises 220 vessels with 2,468 torpedo tubes as against 166 British vessels with 884 torpedo tubes. 4. The United States submarine fleet comprises 124 vessels with 516 torpedo tubes as against 63 British vessels with 383 torpedo tubes. 5. In naval aircraft the ratio between the United States and Great Britain is now more than five to one and will presently be increased to 10 to 1. It should be pointed out, however, in parenthesis, that Mr. Bywater discreetly makes no reference to the British Royal Air Force, a service quite distinct from the Army and the Navy. 6. In man power the United States outnumbers Great Britain by 12,000 officers and men, having 113,000 to 101,000 for Great Britain, exclusive of the Dominions. The hope is, of course, that the American delegates will focus their attention on the superiority that their country enjoys in all these fields.

A LEADING EDITORIAL in the *Manchester Guardian* draws a clear distinction between the French method of achieving disarmament and the Anglo-American way of seeking the same goal. The following paragraph is worth quoting not only for the light it throws on the London Conference but also for its shrewd analysis of the Gallic and the Anglo-Saxon mentality.

> Limitation of armaments, or disarmament, may be pursued in a variety of ways, of which that which has been followed at and after Washington is at the one extreme, and the French method is at the other. The French contention is that nothing can be done till all is done; all three services must be dealt with at once, and guarantees of security (for powers suspicious of their neighbors) must enter into simultaneous consideration. But this would be to postpone substantial achievement until the Greek calends. The method which has been pursued by Britain, the United States, and Japan—for Japan was wholly reasonable at Washington, and was not responsible for the failure at Geneva—has been quite different. Theirs has been the practical 'solution by walking.' Where they could get agreement, as in regard to capital ships, aircraft carriers, and heavy cruisers, they took it. Where differences of opinion were so strong, as in regard to light cruisers and submarines, that no agreement was to be expected, they postponed the question to a later day. The method may not be heroic, but it is, up to a point, effectual.

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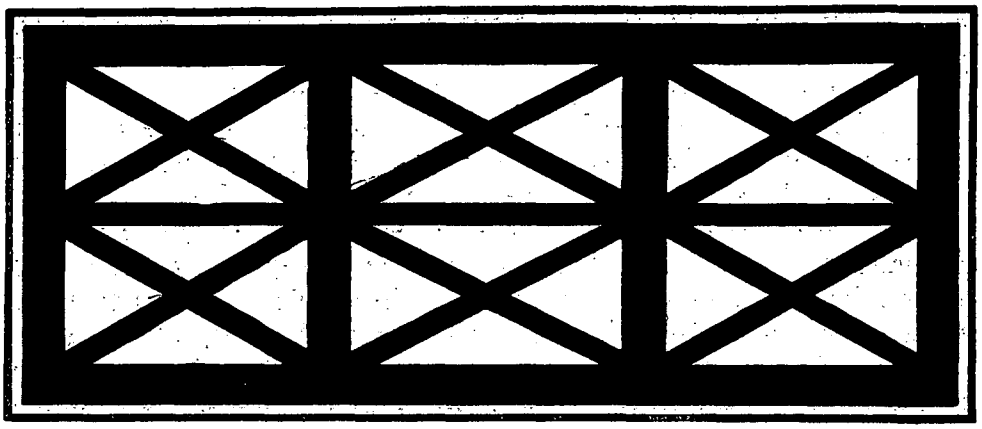

SPEAKING OF OIL

In Defense of Trusts

By Sir Henri Deterding

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle,* French Political Weekly

MAY I CONGRATULATE *L'Europe Nouvelle* for having at last broached a public discussion of the petroleum question? May I also thank this paper for permitting a foreigner with forty years' experience in this field to give his opinions?

Being only a business man, I am forced to reason things out from the economic point of view. I believe, briefly, that the reason that the oil problem agitates many countries is that it is viewed from the political standpoint. Why do politicians concern themselves with petroleum and not with sugar, cotton, wool, or rubber? Because the petroleum industry is characterized by a well-known form of concentrated organization generally referred to as a trust. No one would believe me were I to speak harshly of trusts; no more will I be believed if I speak well of them. Yet that is precisely what I am going to try to do.

Trusts can be argued about indefinitely, but their essential characteristic is that they allow us, through concentrated direction and capital, to achieve what no single company, however powerful, can accomplish. Enormous financial backing is required to pay for discovering, drilling, refining, and transporting petroleum at the lowest possible net cost. Trusts do not conceal the fact that they want to make money, but at the same time they are persuaded that the highest consumption is achieved by continually improving the service and lowering prices.

This last statement may perhaps raise a smile, but it is a proven fact that petroleum, both in its crude state and when it is refined, now sells

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for a lower price in terms of gold than it did in 1913. During the same period of years, world statistics prove that the gold value of all other raw materials has risen from 100 to 152 per cent. I ought also to add that in France the petroleum tax has increased from the coefficient one to the coefficient eight, whereas, to my knowledge, no similar taxes are levied on such raw materials as wool, cotton, and rubber.

One principle we must not forget, however displeasing it may be to certain individuals, and that is that producers must live. When there is a considerable difference between the selling price and the price the producer receives, the middleman makes a good profit, but when this difference lessens the middleman suffers. And I do not believe I am imprudent in stating that, if the producer were to disappear, the middleman would have disappeared first.

Since the War there has been born in certain countries a new theory of key industries. People have said, 'If this happens again we must have the means to defend ourselves. If we do not produce oil ourselves, let us assure ourselves of supplies, and develop the refining industries within our borders.' I concur fully with these views, but I ask myself whether a nation deprived of all its raw materials would find it easy to provide itself with whatever by-products are indispensable to carrying on a war. I believe that oil refining is more economically accomplished if it is done in the country where the oil is produced, rather than in the country that makes use of the various petroleum products, but on the other hand I see no grave drawback to developing the refining industries everywhere.

I am depicted in France as the enemy of Russia, but I am only the enemy of Bolshevism, because Bolshevism is an agent of political dissolution and economic ruin, while I modestly honor myself with the title of constructer. In Asia the Soviets are trying to achieve the pan-Russian dream. Stalin openly affirms that the oil from Mesopotamia and Persia will eventually come under Soviet jurisdiction. He is mistaken, but these are the ends toward which he is working and the minds of many are disturbed. Meanwhile, though he refuses to meet my demands and hand over a certain percentage of the price I pay him to a fund benefiting the former oil producers, he is willing to sell me oil below the world price level, though he knows that I hand over the difference to these producers.

France possesses iron, potash, and phosphates. In respect to oil, she owns a share of Mesopotamia and we are working with her there. Her imports, which to-day represent about five per cent of the total world consumption, have increased between 1913 and 1928 from the coefficient one to the coefficient four. I do not know how large her share of the Mesopotamian production will be in relation to her national consumption twenty years hence, but it will surely represent an appreciable economy in terms of dollars, and I shall be the first to rejoice.

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EUROPE TURNS TO AFRICA

By Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi

Translated from *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

ALTHOUGH SOVIET RUSSIA separates Europe from Asia and the Atlantic Ocean separates Europe from America, the Mediterranean links Europe and Africa more than it divides them. Africa has become our nearest neighbor and its destiny is part and parcel of our destiny.

The future of Africa depends upon what Europe is able to do there. Africa could provide raw material for European industries, food for European inhabitants, a colonizing outlet for Europe's excess population, and markets for European products. But Europe in return for all this should clear the jungles of Africa, irrigate its deserts, stamp out its diseases, educate its people, develop its water power, and open up the entire continent to world trade. Thus Africa represents in many ways a natural and ideal fulfillment of Europe.

The more Europe departs from Asiatic and American politics the more she is thrown back on Africa. Through the emancipation of America and Asia she has lost her Latin-American markets to the United States and her East-Asiatic markets to Japan. The spurt Japan has taken has been due to the low wages that her frugal working classes receive, whereas America's advance has been made possible by the complicated organization of a powerful capitalistic system.

Europe will therefore be forced to make good the loss of her oversea markets by cultivating home markets, by lowering her tariffs, and by

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opening up the markets of Africa. For that reason Africa represents the future basis of European production and the future market for European goods.

Europe's mission in Africa is to bring light to this darkest of all continents. As long as the negro is not in a position to cultivate his own countryside and to make it civilized the white man must perform this task for him. But Europe must be the liberator of the black race in Africa, not the exploiter. She must free the African from poverty, barbarism, hunger, anarchy, sleeping sickness, and the other diseases from which he suffers. The women of Africa, who are to-day mere beasts of burden, must be freed from their condition of bitter slavery. They must learn about cattle breeding and steam tractors. They must be Christianized and educated. The Europeans did not import slavery to Africa. It existed there in its most merciless forms before the Europeans ever came, and it exists still in milder forms. Nevertheless, Europe has often misconceived its mission in Africa. Europeans did not come as older brothers, guardians, teachers, and leaders, but generally as exploiters and tyrants.

PUBLIC opinion throughout the civilized world should oppose, not the colonizing principle in itself, but only certain of its forms. This opinion should gladly coöperate in healing, educating, and improving the black race. The activities of Albert Schweitzer might be taken as a model, for he played the part of white healer, curing the African race of its illnesses. It is the activities of such men that compensate morally for the political conquest of Africa, and it is in this same way that Europe can repay Africa for value received.

In order to open up Africa, Europe must not only govern but colonize there. The greatest hindrance to colonization is the climate. The temperate regions in the south rest in British hands and Europe only controls northern and tropical Africa. Nevertheless there is room here for millions of Europeans. The development of the Sudan by England, the development of Algeria by France and of Tripoli by Italy show how much European cleverness, organization, imagination, and persistence can achieve. In these sparsely settled districts there is still ample room for old and new peoples, and the lofty plateau of Angola offers great colonizing possibilities. But between these northern and southern districts lies tropical Africa, whose climate and diseases make it uninhabitable for white peoples. And yet at the same time there is here an inexhaustible supply of wealth that can be tapped if Europe has the strength to grasp it.

European technique and medicine must therefore declare war upon heat and disease, upon sleeping sickness and malaria, upon snakes and swamps. As soon as hygienic reforms have been introduced to make life

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in central Africa possible for white men, Europe must attack the problem of heat, a struggle that should be no more difficult than the struggle Europeans have been waging for many thousands of years against the cold of the north.

Those South-European nations that have colonized South America during the past one hundred years should be the first to set out for Africa, and the Italians, whose excessive population is the greatest of any country in Europe, should lead the way. But the task of colonizing the deserted districts of Africa concerns all Europe, and indeed the entire white race, for the exploitation and colonization of Africa will lead to the extension, growth, and consolidation of Europe.

Although the colonial powers do not contemplate, for the best of reasons, evacuating their holdings, they must consider the problem of undertaking a general development of these districts in conjunction with the other nations of Europe. Such coöperation can bring with it nothing but profit. Every European who emigrates to Africa brings to the colonial power on whose soil he settles a form of living capital as a gift. But the economic advantage of European coöperation in the colonial field can only outweigh political considerations if Europe erects for herself a solid federal system to do away with the danger of war and national rivalry.

THE exploitation and development of Africa cannot be achieved without the assistance of Germany and Italy. Only overpopulated countries can send an appreciable number of pioneers to Africa, and any one able to live a decent life at home will not be easily persuaded to emigrate to a tropical foreign country far away. Except for Belgium, the colonial powers of Europe are not overpopulated and for that reason they must turn to other countries for settlers and chiefly to the two most overpopulated nations in Europe, Italy and Germany.

To Italy the African question is chiefly a matter of colonization. Population pressure is increasing and the Italian colonies are not inclined to assimilate this excessive output. To Germany the African problem presents a different aspect; for her population pressure is less, while her economic pressure is greater. Furthermore, only a few parts of Africa can be colonized by any great number of German immigrants, and for that reason Africa is less important to Germany as a colonizing area than as a source of raw materials.

The duty of Germany and Italy in the colonial field is clear and their future interests are so closely identified that instead of squabbling over future mandates the two countries should work together with a common programme, never forgetting, however, that nothing can be accomplished in Africa without the consent and understanding of the colonial powers. All rights in central Africa reside in the hands of

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France, Belgium, and Portugal, and these countries cannot be expected to approve of any programme that does not advance their interests. Furthermore, such a programme must involve no danger of any kind to any of the colonial powers, who are to be convinced only by economic considerations, and who should be made to see that an accessible colony with a governing class of white men, as well as railways, roads, factories, plantations, and seaports, is worth more to the mother country than a bleak expanse of desert, swamp, and jungle.

Various projects have been broached to interest Germany and Italy in opening up central Africa. At first the possibility of a new distribution of colonial mandates was suggested, but this programme was limited by the fact that Germany could not possibly get back her former colonies in southwest and in east Africa, and hence the only mandates to be discussed would have been Cameroons and Togoland, which France and England might have agreed to let Germany and Italy share if any redistribution were to be made.

Another project, advocated by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, involved the formation of big chartered companies that would be granted far-reaching authority and given extensive territories to colonize and develop. This project would give Germany and Italy a chance to colonize without any alteration of present frontiers. The third possibility, a pan-European development of Africa, would grant equal rights to all European colonists on African soil without reference to their speech or country of origin.

The future of European policy depends upon which of these three solutions the colonial powers in Africa decide to adopt, though possibly all three projects might be combined. In any case, a special conference would be required between France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Portugal to discuss freely all the possibilities of some coöperative programme of African colonization, and since England is deeply interested in a peaceful solution of the African question she might preside. Furthermore, this great undertaking would benefit the European armament industry without endangering the worker or the soldier, for instead of making machine guns and hand grenades these industries would turn out locomotives, steamships, turbine engines, and other machinery.

The transformation of Africa into a great European plantation would improve the whole economic condition of our continent and would raise the standard of living among all its peoples. But Africa must be cured of more than one kind of sleeping sickness. It must be awakened to its great unknown destiny. The sun of Europe, which has already awakened America and Asia, must shine with all its spirit and its strength upon the darkest continent of all and bring Africa into the world community.

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A VISIT TO BRIAND

A German Newspaper Woman Goes to the Quai d'Orsay

By Annette Kolb

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Liberal Daily

AT SIX minutes of three, I stepped into the elevator that was to take me to my appointment with the clever and kindly Madame de X, who wanted to introduce me to Briand. I found her seated in the hall. Her automobile was waiting at the door and we both climbed in.

'You needn't worry,' she said as we rode along, 'he is very easy to get along with. He will talk and you only need to listen.'

'Thank the Lord! Just the same, I am very interested in what he has done to separate Church and State, even though the matter is not yet settled.' But Madame de X did not seem to feel that it would be wise to bring this subject up.

Arriving at the Quai d'Orsay, we climbed out of the car again. The stairway inside was flooded with light and led to a room with high windows in it. Here, too, the light was bright, but the room itself was empty, with only a few little sofas standing along the walls. I believe they were red, but my eyes may have deceived me, for all my attention was focused on the door leading into the reception room. It looked very small, but perhaps it was really quite big. Presently someone emerged from it and invited us to enter. As we did so, Briand walked over almost to the threshold to meet us. The room we entered was large, with high windows, and at the end of it stood a desk. There were only three chairs in the whole room; no other furniture was to be seen except for a small desk with a telephone on it.

As for Briand himself, I soon found that his eyes were what attracted my entire attention. I sat opposite him and Madame de X by his side. His head, which I had only seen in profile as I entered the room, gave me the impression, I don't know why, that he had a very tender skull. Each gesture he made harmonized with his whole physical appearance. His chin sags slightly to one side, and he does not make the slightest attempt to modify his bent shoulders, or rather his bent back. Indeed, his indolent manner is part and parcel of his physiognomy, which, in turn, is entirely focused in his eyes. Only his mouth fails to harmonize with the rest of him. Do those eyes of his search out and condemn falsehood, I wonder? For he has a dark, mysterious manner and his expression makes him look as if he were concealing all sorts of secrets.

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I HAD formed quite a different idea of Briand in spite of all the photographs of him that I had seen, which give a vivid idea of the way he wears his clothes and the way his shoulders slope, but which really do not convey his personality because they make him seem too simple. To be sure, so complex a character may perhaps disguise itself under an outer veneer of simplicity, but the truth is that when I saw him I could detect no trace of good fellowship or expansiveness. He gave the impression, rather, of being a trained, powerful diplomat of the greatest ability, a man accustomed to wielding power. Here in the setting where Mazarin and Richelieu once ruled he was successfully playing the statesman's part. For political activity is more than an art to Briand, it is like Eros. It flows in his blood and moulds his character, and all the while he himself is moulding fate. Suddenly I realized that I had formed a true preconception of Briand's real nature, but that his motivating forces were different from what I had imagined and that his fundamental character was impenetrable to me. He was not filled with divine wisdom, he was demonic, and I suddenly recalled how scornfully he had used the words, '*touchante ingénuité*,' in attacking one of his opponents in the Chamber. My heart stood still, for I myself was a consummate ingénue.

'You bring good fortune with you, Mr. President,' I remarked. 'You bring your native land good fortune and now you are bringing the same good fortune to other countries as well. Your prestige in Germany is enormous.' (This was said in July, 1928.) 'I am going to write a book about you.' I stopped, Briand made a motion with his head as if he were giving an order. 'It must be translated,' he said.

MADAME DE X was right, one should listen to him in silence. The things one says to him oneself are merely futile interruptions. He snatches up the thread of his previous remark and continues to develop it.

On this occasion, he was outlining the various stages of his political career, not complacently, but as if he were lecturing on some historical subject. He made a great point of the fact that a statesman must often ignore the present and even the near future, and must take instead a long point of view. He must be able to avoid the temptation of being right for a moment only—'*d'avoir raison sur l'heure.*'

In spite of the warning that had been given me, I could not keep from saying how much I was interested in what he had done to separate Church and State. Long ago the whole affair had been sidetracked and there had seemed at the time to be no way out of the dilemma, so that the comparatively satisfactory compromise at which he at length arrived was almost a miracle. Vainly seeking the right word, I said to him, 'C'était une situation impossible.'

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'Elle était inextricable,' he replied. Every stage of that great battle that he waged against every party in the legislature still lives in his memory as if it had all happened only yesterday. He told how the Holy See rejected each conciliatory gesture that he made, and how he had refused to be deterred from his purpose.

'But that is because you are really a Catholic,' I interjected. Briand leaned back in his chair and laughed. 'I am neither Catholic nor anti-Catholic, I am a-Catholic.'

'I mean in respect to temperament.'

But Briand refused to be disturbed by this interruption and continued talking as if he were in the Chamber of Deputies. He was describing how, as a boy, he used to assist at mass and how the curé would win his enthusiasm by giving him chocolate creams. As he was describing this I remembered an incident that occurred many years later in connection with the catastrophe of the submarine, *Pluviôse*. The government had sent Briand to Calais as its representative at the funeral of the drowned sailors. The procession passed through the streets of the town, but the cathedral was its destination. Now, since the Church and State had been separated in France, no minister of the government had attended mass in his official capacity, and the officials present on this occasion could not decide what to do. Ought they not to refuse to participate? All of them looked expectantly at Briand. 'Messieurs, il faut y aller,' he said, and took his place near the altar as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to do.

A FEW days later Stresemann was expected in Paris to sign the Kellogg Pact. 'Ils y viendront tous,' said Briand, and it was easy to see that he is fanatically devoted to the cause of peace. He was not in the least disturbed by the fact that the Kellogg Pact bore no relation to the League of Nations. They both served the same purpose he served.

'I once thought that you were a man of the utmost simplicity,' I said, 'and I made a speech to a group of journalists saying that you combined the naïveté of the hare with the energy of the lion.'

'How did you come to that conclusion?' he inquired with a laugh.

'I expected you always to speak the truth.'

'Oh, ho! The truth!' he cried, and we all laughed together.

Not once did his eyes betray him, they remained as impenetrable as two slivers of blue steel, and only softened when he turned them on Madame de X, whom he had known for twenty years. Because Madame de X was a very great lady, a silent understanding existed between them.

But now it was time for our interview to come to an end, as nearly an hour had passed. Briand again accompanied us to the threshold and I took my leave. 'Always at your service,' he said to Madame de X. 'Just call on me if you ever need me.' And we took our leave.

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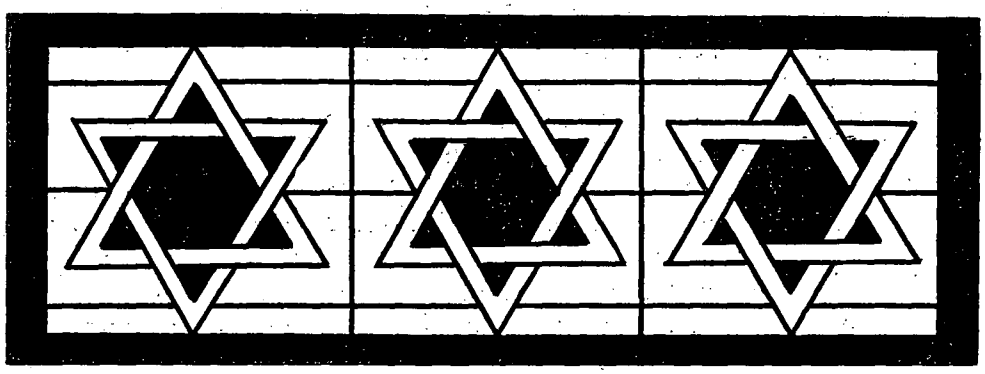

THE POSITION IN PALESTINE

First-Hand Impressions of a Swiss Editor

By William Martin

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

THE ZIONIST PROBLEM would be easy enough to solve if one could listen for a week to the Jews and Arabs pleading their causes and then say, 'These are right, those are wrong.' Unfortunately, however, each party is right from its own point of view.

One must recognize, of course, that the Arabs have reason to feel disappointed and embittered. In 1915 Europe appealed to them for aid and promised them independence in return. But did this promise apply to Palestine? The English deny it, but the Arabs understood things differently and since the War they have received the impression that a promise made to them has been broken. Not only have the Palestine Arabs failed to obtain liberty but through the Balfour Declaration England has in a measure handed over their country to the Jews. This territory which the Arabs have occupied almost without interruption for thirteen centuries was suddenly proclaimed the national home of a nation that had lived there previously but did not originate in Palestine any more than did the Arabs themselves. 'If this is the way things are,' the Arabs reflect, 'why are we not given Spain?' By a strange twist of fate Arab nationalism finds itself faced with an insoluble problem at the very moment when Western Europe has infused it with life.

The terms of the mandate promised to respect the rights of the population, but up until now the presence of the Jews in Palestine has prevented the Arabs from being given a constitution similar to those that

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Irak and Transjordania enjoy, which they certainly would have been granted under normal circumstances. Furthermore, how can one deny the truth in the accusation made not only by the Arabs but by the world at large that the Palestine Jews have acted arrogantly? Yet Zionists are only human beings and some of them inevitably lack tact. They come from countries where they have been oppressed for centuries and now that they are at last able to breathe freely perhaps they are tempted to breathe a little too deep. Some of them also talk too much, when they would doubtless fare better if they merely acted and said nothing at all. But Zionism is a movement, it is progressing steadily and cannot help defending the position it has acquired. Also, it is possible that the Arabs have so long been accustomed to power that they are jealous of the Jews.

SUCH are the sentimental elements that one must keep in mind to understand the situation, but one must also look at the country itself and ask what the Arabs have done in all these centuries. Wherever water is lacking one finds a desert, wherever water exists one finds a swamp. But who drained the uninhabitable plain of Esdraelon, who made agriculture possible on so many thousands of acres of good soil, who planted the eucalyptus trees that provide the only variety in this monotonous landscape? Who erected agricultural schools and who introduced American methods? Who transformed the sand dunes of Jaffa into a flourishing city? The Zionists did all this and the amount of work that they have already put into this soil gives them a good right to continue cultivating it.

All this the Arabs deny. They reproach the Jews for having made the fellahs do all the work, though in the next breath they also assert that the Jews have expelled the fellah. They reproach the Jews for being poor and for bringing nothing but poverty to the country, then in the next breath they assail the Jews for having brought millions of dollars and subsidized their colonies, and finally they complain that the Jews have failed in their enterprise and have had to leave at once, although that does not prevent them from complaining at the same time that the Jews are overrunning the country. These accusations are negligible because a contradiction is the infallible sign of error. In the economic field the Zionists have done well in Palestine in spite of great difficulties and partial failures, and, since the prosperity of one group automatically increases the prosperity of other groups, the Arabs, too, have benefited.

When the Jews drain off a certain region, they also rid the Arab settlers of the germs that lurk there. When they raise wages and improve the standard of living, the Arab workers profit to a certain degree, which perhaps is the thing that irritates the landed proprietors. In any

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case, it would be difficult for the Arab worker to lead a more miserable existence than he used to endure, and when we are told that the Sursok, before they sold the plain of Esdraelon to the Jews, were morally obligated to assure the well-being of the Arab worker, we are tempted to laugh.

We do not, of course, pretend that everything in Palestine is for the best. It is impossible to embark on such a huge social and economic experiment without encountering great difficulties. There was a moment when immigrants were pouring in too rapidly and a serious crisis followed. The Jews suffered and some of them departed. The present severe boycott to which the Arabs are submitting them may also do serious harm.

But what matters in the future of Zionism is not the position of the city-dwelling Jew but of the Jewish peasant. People used to say that the Jew could never be a farmer, but our own eyes have been witness to the contrary. To be sure, they are farmers of a somewhat experimental type. They are reasoners and theorists with whom intellectual preoccupations dominate and they bear more resemblance to the American farmer than to the European peasant, but with the latter they have in common a profound love of the soil. Among the thousands of Jews in Palestine who aspire to become farmers, hardly any have left the country for the city. The incapacity of the Jews to cultivate the soil is therefore another of those legends we must renounce, and, if the movement pursues its present course, Zionism will prove its right to survive.

But that is not the essence of Zionism. It is not an economic movement, though it is now engaged in restoring the prosperity that Palestine enjoyed in antiquity. It is above all a moral movement, a movement of liberation on the part of the Jews, who have finally become masters of themselves, who are at last freed from tyranny and oppression and are proud to be as free as other human beings. As the Arabs are right in the moral and sentimental domain, the Jews are no less justified in their position, and if there is one thing of which a visitor to Palestine becomes convinced it is that the Jews are as tenacious in reconstituting their country as the Arabs are in opposing them. Now that the Jews have entered Palestine again they will not depart. Now that they have tasted liberty they will not let it be snatched from them. The problem of the future consists in harmonizing the aspirations of these two races who are equally attached to the same soil and equally decided not to be excluded from it. Failing that, Palestine will become another Ireland.

PROFOUNDLY divided as the Arabs and Jews are on every score, they agree on just one point, which is that England is to blame for everything that has happened. The Arabs reproach the British, not only for having invented Zionism, but also for having failed to apply the

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mandate in its proper spirit. They claim that the administration favors the Jews unduly in the public works it undertakes and in the concessions it grants. The Arabs also assert that the Jews have caused three official languages to be used and that when land is distributed only the Jews benefit while when trouble breaks out only the Arabs are blamed.

The Jews, for their part, reproach the British administration with being prejudiced against the Zionists in the first place, with favoring the Arabs, with limiting immigration too strictly, with failing to give the Jews land to which they are entitled, with spending too much of the money received in taxes on the Arabs, and with failing to safeguard the Jews from the menace of Arab fanaticism.

Unquestionably these conflicting complaints prove that the British officials are honestly trying to treat the two communities impartially and that they are even succeeding to a certain extent. They do not, however, prove that the British administration is excellent and praiseworthy in every respect. The difficulty is that the British are bound to the contradictory promises of the mandate and of the Balfour Declaration, with the result that each group can accuse the British authorities of failing to apply one or the other of its two promises.

But England is bound by self-interest as well as by her promises. As mistress of a formidable empire containing multitudes of Mohammedans, she cannot alienate the Arabs without gravely endangering her general political position. At the present moment, her concern with preserving her other Arab possessions in a state of tranquillity has checked the arm of justice in repressing the outbreaks of last August. On the other hand, the Israelites represent such a rich and influential element in the world that England cannot well afford to antagonize them.

Hence the obvious embarrassment that steals over the faces of British officials in Palestine when one discusses the future with them. They say that things cannot go on as they are but that they do not know what direction a change will take or how it will be effected. What the British administration in Palestine has chiefly lacked up until now is the means of executing its policies—not judicial means, for the representatives of England find themselves able to wield all legislative and executive power, but military support. Zionism is an experiment that can only be attempted if a strong arm is supporting it. Perhaps in twenty years it can become self-sufficient, but even that is not certain, because the Arab population is growing faster than the Jewish immigrants are arriving. In any case Zionism must be protected from violence during its period of growth. It is out of the question to have Jews come to Palestine only to be assassinated, and troops are therefore necessary. Yet England maintains only three thousand men out there and recently its government withdrew a whole regiment over the formal protest of the high commissioner.

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The result of this policy is apparent. Nobody feels sure of British protection. Violence is increasing, both political violence and acts of pure brigandage. Within the past few weeks not less than sixty attacks were made by armed men on various roads.

Private citizens are anxiously buying guns to protect themselves and Palestine is becoming an armed camp in which everyone calmly contemplates the possibility of slaying his neighbor—an inevitable state where public authority is lacking.

ON NUMEROUS occasions in Ireland, Egypt, and India the British have shown that their last word of political wisdom is to yield in the face of revolution. It seems that Palestine will form no exception to this rule. Have not the Arabs shown their discontent? Well enough. Then they will be given a constitution. Perhaps that is the best way of solving the problem. Certainly it is the only way of calming troubled spirits, temporarily at least. But certain conditions must be borne in mind.

In the first place, this constitution must embody sufficiently precise guarantees favoring the Jews. Lacking such guarantees it would be an act of treason, pure and simple. In the second place, England must maintain in Palestine, or rather transport there, enough troops to make manifest her clear intention to uphold order at all cost. Without this precaution the constitution will be interpreted by the Arabs as a piece of weakness and a reward for their audacity.

But really the future of Palestine is not so sombre as people are fond of saying. The Jews, who are the weaker party, only ask to come to some understanding with the Arabs, who, if they were led by capable politicians, would understand that this is an extremely favorable moment to arrive at a permanent *modus vivendi* with the nervous Jews. With a little authority England would be able to bring the present situation to a satisfactory conclusion, for she has conquered greater difficulties in the past. Unfortunately, however, her most conspicuous weakness in Palestine is her lack of authority, and she might be said to be suffering from paralysis of the will. The formula of the policy that should be pursued is simple: justice backed up by force. But what is justice, and where is force?

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BRITAIN IN IRAK

Why England Is Surrendering Her Mandate

By Dr. Richard Lewinsohn

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

OF ALL THE COUNTRIES which have been placed in the keeping of the mandatory powers to be nurtured in the ways of Western civilization, Irak is the first to come of age and in 1932 its people will receive a testimonial of their maturity in the form of a seat and a vote in the councils of Geneva.

It must be admitted that Great Britain, in the guise of teacher and guardian, has not made excessive demands upon her ward, and there is no more fruitful way to study the difference between British and French methods of colonial administration than to travel from Syria to Bagdad. In Palestine, the other British mandate in Asia Minor, the Zionist problem prevents a true appraisal of conditions, but to the northward, between Lebanon and the Persian mountains, one can see the French and British systems functioning side by side and in distinct contrast to each other. Of course, Catholic missionaries have been active in Syria for a century, under a French protectorate, whereas the Turkish 'department' (for that is what the word, 'Irak,' means) used to be the most remote province of a feeble monarchy. But a decade has passed since the official dismemberment of Turkey, and the mandatory powers, on whom the League of Nations exerts but little pressure, have shown how they propose to administer and how far they have succeeded.

The visible results are amazing. In Syria a network of splendid automobile roads stretches over the stony wastes of the Jebel far up into the mountains, while Irak scarcely boasts a single highroad which can be

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traversed with any comfort after a downpour. In Damascus and Beirut the French have laid out boulevards and parks like those in Paris, with wonderful promenades and straight avenues, while the enchanted city of Bagdad, that might have been one of the loveliest spots on earth, looks like a grotesque pile of filth. In Syria handsome stone bridges span even the tiniest streams, while in Irak, where the Tigris and the Euphrates flow, there are nothing but rickety pontoon bridges left over from the time of the War.

IT IS necessary, however, to add that Syria swarms with uniformed French officials, with Germans and Russians from the Foreign Legion, and with blacks from Senegal in impressive red cloaks. In Irak, on the other hand, British soldiers are rarely seen. The British aviation marshal keeps watch in a simple office made of tiles in the same house where Baron von der Goltz, the commander-in-chief of the German and Turkish troops, died of spotted fever in 1916 and where a year later General Maude, the British conqueror of Bagdad, succumbed to cholera. Outside on the flying field, where the British air mail stops on its way to India, there is a British flying squadron. That is all. The few British officials who remain wear civilian clothes when they are not on duty and as a preliminary to removing the mandate the British official staff has already been reduced by a third.

Incidentally, it is a source of continual amazement how the British are able to maintain their authority without resorting to sabre-rattling. Surrounded by Kurds, Persians, and Indians, they preserve their characteristic way of life, transforming a slab hut into a clubroom and an Arabian harem into a European home. The rules of good society prevail even in the desert, among men who are forced to stand in the heat all day long beside an oil drill, and none of the formalities are neglected. Although the British do not command, they move in a charmed circle of respect through which the natives dare not break.

In Syria, on the other hand, the president of the Free Republic of Lebanon has a republican guard with gold helmets fully as beautiful as those that surround the president of France, but, in practice, no government can be formed without the express consent of the French High Commissioner at Beirut. Now compare this state of affairs with what happened in Irak during a recent governmental crisis, when Clayton, the British High Commissioner, was asked whom he would like to see made head of the government. He answered that Irak had a king and a parliamentary constitution, and that it was up to the parliament to decide the matter. Great Britain's voice would be heard only if her interests were involved.

This answer was more than an empty phrase. France rules her mandated territories like an energetic landowner. The French improve

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the country and the native population, thereby making themselves odious, for the Orientals do not like being forced out of the filth in which they have lived for centuries. To be sure, Arabian landlords in Syria began to come to terms with the French administration when they realized that real-estate values tend to rise in a clean and modern city, but the larger part of the populace remains hostile. The mandate authorities disturb the natives in their tranquillity, in their comfortable dirtiness, and in their traditional slovenly ways. The British, on the other hand, are not primarily concerned with forcing all the blessings of Western life on the inhabitants. Without actually governing the natives, the British remain in substantial control, though it would be more accurate to say that they rule regardless of the natives. As soon as a hair of an Englishman's head is touched they rush to his defense; they construct railroads to points where English firms are located; and they improve the country wherever such improvement will be of economic advantage to England. But nothing else matters.

UNDER these circumstances, therefore, the British have created a substitute for themselves who relieves them of three-fourths of their work. King Feisal, third son of Husein, former king of the Hejaz, has become a faithful vassal of his British Majesty. This wild Bedouin chieftain has not forgotten that the British found another throne for him after the French had cast him out of Syria, and that he is now transformed into a modern prince. Colonel Lawrence has described how Feisal, 'the gleaming sword of the desert,' encouraged the revolt in Arabia during the War, how he rode among the Bedouin hordes of his own tribe, and controlled the situation almost single-handed when his followers wanted to steal the camels belonging to an allied tribe. To-day this same Feisal sits at a desk in his unassuming palace in the uniform of a British official, signing documents, or holds court receptions clad in a dress suit and patent-leather shoes. Indeed, the process of assimilation has been so thorough that he is now said to resemble King George.

Even when members of his family come to visit him in flowing headdresses and billowing Arabian mantles—when his brothers, Emir Abdullah of Transjordania and Ali, ex-king of the Hejaz, appear, or when his old father, Husein, emerges from his exile in Cyprus to call upon the most fortunate and wisest of his sons—Feisal does not abandon his European dress or the Scotch cap which he has introduced to replace the fez as the national headdress along the Euphrates and the Tigris. Yet he is sufficiently clever and judicious not to attempt to impose on the people at large the reforms which he has introduced for himself and for his small court entourage; for he is not emulating his neighbor, Kemal, and trying to Europeanize his country overnight. The women of Irak still wear heavy veils as they walk through the streets and,

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in spite of European custom, the queen may not display herself, even at court receptions of a diplomatic character. The Mohammedans of Irak are Shiites like the Persians and are more steadfast in their faith than the Sunnite Moslems of Arabia. Feisal, himself a stranger in this country, has been tolerably successful in reconciling native religious oppositions. He has caused civil peace to prevail, even among the Assyrian Christians in the north and the eighty thousand Jews who form a third of Bagdad's population. These Jews belong to the aristocracy and, with a small number of landed proprietors of the Mohammedan faith and the generals and families of officials left over from the Turkish period, constitute the small ruling class out of which a new cabinet is chosen every few months. They belong to the most ancient stock in the country and many of them can trace their ancestry back to the time of the Babylonian captivity.

King Feisal, the rebel of the Arabian desert, does not involve himself to any great extent in the disputes and animosities of the ruling families. As his country's supreme administrator he has become a thoughtful individual apparently bent on guiding the land along the ways of Western progress. He has had cotton planted before the gates of the capital to prove that it will flourish in the moist, tropical heat of Mesopotamia as well as on the Nile. But so far his progressive activities have aroused little interest. His country, although about the size of Prussia, contains less than three million inhabitants and it is terribly neglected. Close by the magnificent waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the soil lies fallow; small rills are to be seen on every hand, but they are scarcely ever utilized. If a few thousand fellahs could be put to work with spades and buckets to direct the water into channels, even in the primitive way characteristic of Egypt, Irak could again become the incomparable Garden of Eden that it was in Biblical times. But no one takes any interest in such a task. The natives are quite content if they can pasture their herds of fat sheep on the banks of the river and if the camels of the Bedouin tribes can find parched grass somewhere on the vast plains.

The British, appointed by the League of Nations as teachers and protectors of Irak, have no interest in reviving the ancient agriculture of Mesopotamia. It is even doubtful whether their imperialistic urge is sufficiently powerful to impel them to hold Irak as a sort of bridge to India. They took possession of the country in the first place because of the amazingly strong reek of oil that pervaded the atmosphere. English politics follow the trails that the oil prospectors indicate, but recently the line of advance has shifted its course. The searchers for petroleum have looked in vain in the north, in the bitterly contested Mosul territory, and now they are working, apparently with more success, through the eastern part of the country close to the Persian mountains.

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IT SEEMS incredible that Mosul could have been considered so attractive a territory that three nations struggled over it, made war and encouraged revolts because of it, held conference upon conference, and finally appealed to the League of Nations. Three years ago when the Turks withdrew and gave up their claims, the British had already discovered that the whole business was an unsound economic speculation and that their total achievement seemed to be that Irakian instead of Turkish soldiers were patrolling the northern border. Professional strategists, already intent on the next war, might say that Great Britain has perfidiously cut Russia off from access to the Persian Gulf, but in reality all that has happened is that a district which once held promise of forming a bridge to the south has become a place of desolation. According to the plans of the Germans, who dreamed of a Berlin-to-Bagdad railway, Mosul would have been the last station on the route to the City of the Caliphs. To-day it is a miserable mountain settlement with no railroad and no outlet to the world. In short, though the operation proved successful and peace has come to Mosul, the patient, unfortunately, is dead.

The British long ago perceived the consequences of this situation and to all intents and purposes surrendered Mosul, accomplishing their withdrawal with characteristic determination, without regard for prestige and without making any ingratiating gestures to the native populace. While they still hoped to discover oil in the north, they set about extending the railroad which the Germans had built before the War along the Tigris as far as the excavations of Samarra, but they stopped work halfway and used the rails that were left over to build a new line from Bagdad into the Persian mountains to the northeast. After many fruitless attempts the prospectors at last struck oil, but even here the output proved scanty. Indeed the only field in this vicinity that bids fair to be truly successful lies in Baba Gurgur, near the ancient city of Kirkuk. This was the city of the prophet, Daniel, where the three men of Biblical legend, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, walked in the fiery furnace, and where the earth has spit forth sacred flames from time immemorial. Its inhabitants, to be sure, have become accustomed to the worldliness of the blaze and veiled women from the surrounding villages heat their pots of food or water over the little flames which are kept steadily burning by the flow of natural gas.

A few miles away the air becomes oppressively heavy and tainted with the odor of hydrogen sulphide. Curious excrescences of coagulated petroleum rise from the bare ground like brown, decaying tree stumps. On a near-by knoll stands a tiny building bearing the number, 1. Two years ago a tremendous gusher was pouring forth 10,000 tons of oil a day here, but it was the first and only gusher in these parts and was later sealed up again because a single well was not worth operating.

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Laboratories have been built in the vicinity, as well as a small refinery, and there is also a settlement of Indian laborers whom the British fetch regularly from Basra because these Indian workmen are supposedly more satisfactory in the oil fields than Persians or Arabs. Political considerations may also be involved, as it may prove desirable for different races and religions to be mingled and for Indian laborers to be used as a counterpoise to the northern tribes.

At present the richest oil supply lies far to the south, on the Persian Gulf in the vilayet of Basra, beyond the Irak boundary. This district the British can always hold by means of warships and troops from India, so they are not inclined to burden themselves unnecessarily with the trials of administering a mandate in a deteriorating desert country. A Gibraltar on the Persian Gulf is quite adequate, though a western outlet for the oil might also prove useful.

No one ventures to prophesy whether Irak will actually become, within any reasonable period of time, the great petroleum country which the world anticipated. And in the last analysis oil policies will not be shaped by the men who work zealously in Irak itself but rather by the financiers in London and New York who determine whether or not the price of benzine will be favorably affected by opening up new supplies. For a time, therefore, the development of Irak will depend upon them.

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BRITAIN DUPED BY FRANCE

How Paris Took London's Gold Away

By George Glasgow

From *The Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE 1929 GOLD DRAIN from London to Paris, its causes, and its effects on British interests deserve to be looked at from more than one point of view. It is a matter that affects British finance, British diplomacy, and the British taxpayer.

It has produced a certain puzzled speculation in the City of London, and a different sort of disturbance, unconscious perhaps, in Whitehall; but curiously little attempt seems to have been made to connect the financial with the diplomatic aspect of the matter. Yet it cannot otherwise be understood.

To understand it fully one must remember the diplomatic background. In April, 1917, when the United States joined the War, France and Italy decided that they would not spend any more of their own money on the War if they could get it from any other source. They could not get enough for their needs from the United States. Great Britain had spent £2,000,000,000 on financing British, French, and Italian War costs. She could not any longer finance more than her own War costs. What happened? With truly British grimness she *did* lend nearly £1,000,000,000 more to France and Italy; but not having that amount to lend, she borrowed a like sum from the United States. The official figures are: (1) Great Britain borrowed from the United States $4,600,000,000, or £958,330,000; (2) she lent to her European Allies after March, 1917, an additional £936,255,000. For her own purposes, therefore, she borrowed the negligible sum of £22,075,000 (negligible by War standards) from the United States, and borrowed £936,255,000 to pass across the Channel.

After the War, the British Government funded the whole debt to the United States. France and Italy did not fund their debts to Great Britain. Great Britain, if one may call a spade a spade, had been duped. In 1926 Italy, and in 1929 France, funded, not the debt, but less than one-sixth of the debt to Great Britain, leaving the British taxpayer to shoulder the default for all time.

That is one part of the background. The peace treaties proceeded to assign to France more than half, to Great Britain less than a quarter, of the total reparations receivable from Germany. That is another part of the background.

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Ten years after the War ended, 1928, the United States ceased to lend money to the European countries. Before then Germany had paid her reparations (which mostly went to France) out of money borrowed from the United States. Thereafter, not being able to transfer the Dawes sums out of her national resources, Germany took to raising the money in London. In 1928 and 1929, therefore, 52 per cent of the loans raised for that purpose by Germany in London was passed on to Paris. There was created a triangular drain, London-Berlin-Paris, one effect of which was that sterling was in large quantities changed into marks, and marks in large quantities changed into francs. The German exchange was not affected, but the French exchange was decisively affected in its relation to sterling. Moreover, France had accumulated vast sterling balances in London and dollar balances in New York, precisely because the bulk of reparation payments since the War had gone to Paris, and Paris concurrently was refusing to pay the service of her debts either to the United States or to Great Britain. (On October 21st, 1929, M. Herriot stated in the French Chamber that, during the five years of the Dawes Plan, France had received from Germany more than 25,000,000,000 francs, or £200,000,000.) France had become the second richest nation in the world after the United States. During the course of 1929, therefore, we witnessed the spectacle of the French franc obstinately remaining at a premium over sterling, when the whole world's exchanges, apart from France, were badly disorganized.

After Mr. Snowden's Hague 'victory' in August last, whereby he prevented the shunting of a further £2,000,000 from London, destined mainly for Paris, the Bank of France in effect declared war on the Bank of England. Owing to her huge liquid resources in sterling (as aforesaid) France was able to change sterling into francs, and maintain the franc above gold-export point just precisely as she pleased. And the Bank of England was powerless. Just as the raising of the bank rate from 4½ per cent to 5½ per cent in February, 1929, did not prevent the export of gold to France, although the French bank rate was only 3½ per cent, so the further raising of the British bank rate from 5½ per cent to 6½ per cent in September, 1929, was ineffective in preventing the continued flow of gold from London to Paris, although the French rate remained at 3½ per cent. Nor was the raising of the London rate in September wholly unrelated to Mr. Snowden's 'victory' at the Hague, less than a month before. The City of London seemed to be puzzled by the supposed anomaly of the French exchange. Was it an anomaly? The Bank of England, in reducing its rate from 6½ per cent to 6 per cent in October, took the City by surprise, for even the higher rate had not stemmed the flow of gold to Paris. Yet it is possible that the Bank of England argued to itself, as any private schoolboy might argue to himself, that if British rates of 4½ per cent, 5½ per cent, 6½ per cent had

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been equally ineffective against a French rate of 3½ per cent, there was no sense in further increasing it, and some sense in reducing it. Mr. Snowden in his turn seems to have been puzzled, and he exasperated French opinion for a second time by expressing the view that the French bank rate was being kept artificially low. Therein he did himself less than justice, for it seems obvious to anyone who keeps in his mind the facts above recorded about the flow of money from London via Berlin to Paris and the current repudiation by Paris of her obligation to London that the Bank of France can honestly maintain its rediscount rate at 3½ per cent (the lowest in the world) for as long as she may choose. France, indeed, has attracted gold the whole year without any need to raise her bank rate; and it is precisely because British cash flows unceasingly through Berlin to Paris, and French cash does not flow by any channel to London, that France was able to do so, to the grave harm of London. Great Britain, if another spade may be called a spade, had again been duped.

Having amassed a gold holding more than twice as big as that of London, Paris has apparently decided to make of itself, or try to make of itself, an international market. It was indeed obvious throughout 1929 that such was the object. The Minister of Finance has identified himself with the scheme; hardly a good omen, for the rigorous exclusion of political influence is necessary for success in such an enterprise. One could not imagine a British Chancellor of the Exchequer taking the lead in a matter of professional interest to the City of London. Whether Paris on the technical side will be able to produce the necessary machinery of bill brokers, gold markets, international stock markets, insurance organization, and the rest is one question. Another, more important, is whether Paris will be able to abandon the extreme nationalism that has characterized its bankers and financiers in the past. Such men as M. Finaly, who, in contrast to the bankers of most other countries in the world, has constantly subordinated his operations to the diplomatic expediences of the Quai d'Orsay, are typical of the French spirit. So nationalist a spirit makes impossible the functions of an international market. If the tradition is now broken, good may yet result from the remarkably nonchalant damage done by Paris to London by the 1929 gold drain; for if Paris plays the game according to the rules, financial vendettas, the repudiation of debt, the abuse of London's services to damage London's interests will, in the future, be impossible. Not otherwise will Paris have a chance of receiving business as a world money centre.

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STALIN BE PRAISED

Fiftieth Birthday Greetings

By a Disciple

Translated from the *Rote Fahne,* German Communist Daily

BIRTHDAYS ARE HAPHAZARD DATES in the great calendar of history, yet we honor them as we do certain other occasions when they come to transcend mere individuals and represent the struggles of the working class. In this spirit the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union are to-day celebrating Stalin's fiftieth birthday and in these festivities we all participate.

Stalin's life, like the life of all great revolutionists, is indissolubly, inseparably bound up with the interests of the fighting proletariat. The fifty years he has lived have included thirty-three years of ceaseless, tireless party work, of which twenty-one were years of unbroken illegal activity, and twelve years of civil war, party struggle, and devotion to the solidarity of the proletarian dictatorship. It is a life devoted to Leninism, to proletarian world revolution, to freedom for the toiling masses, and to socialism. It is a life devoted to these causes and no others.

The working class has become too mature to have any use for the cult of personalities. It believes in no god, no emperor, and no tribune. Only its own efforts can rescue it from misery, but it recognizes that class warfare creates, educates, tests, and shapes leaders into whose hands the guidance of the party and of the revolution can be safely placed.

Stalin is such a leader. We honor him because he is the most perfect incarnation of our great cause, the cause of the proletariat. Marx has clearly defined for us the relationship between the leader and the mass. We despise the 'leading minds' of bourgeois, Fascist society and we recognize no savior sent from above to redeem the proletariat. Our leaders are not bequeathed to us by some dark, inscrutable fate or by some historical accident. Our leaders become leaders because they share in the depths of their beings the thoughts, the feelings, and the interests, the sorrows, the activities, and the struggles of the whole working class, the million-headed proletariat. Thousands of different elements drawn from innumerable sources go to make up the genius of the proletariat, its creative faculty, and its revolutionary leadership. The Communist Party is a gigantic and sensitive instrument that registers the pulse beat of the masses. The Communist Party not only discovers, creates, and welds together a few dozen leaders in the form of a central committee; it brings into being labor leaders by the thousands and tens of thousands. The Communist Party is ever on the alert to discover promising, gifted,

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and faithful workers, young people, straightforward advocates of revolution, and it has room for them all. This capacity, not only to pick leaders, but to bring into existence an inclusive, collective, advance guard of revolution is the most important historic task of the Communist Party.

We German Communists have our mighty work before us, whereas the Russian Bolsheviks have carried their duty to its ultimate peak and final conclusion, having learned how to perform it during the long years of sacrifice and class war under Lenin's immortal leadership.

STALIN has now become the leader of world Bolshevism. Lenin was his preceptor, but Stalin also learned his task from many unknown and nameless thousands—railway and oil workers in Baku, textile operators in Nizhni-Novgorod, industrial workers in Leningrad, sailors in Kronstadt, and the workers, peasants, and soldiers of the October Revolution. We celebrate in Stalin the true disciple of Lenin, the uncompromising warrior of the working class, the representative of the old guard of Bolshevism. Since Lenin's death, Stalin has led the proletarian world army through all its struggles and dangers. The strength with which he has pursued this battle arises from his holy hatred, his hatred unto death, of slavery and oppression, his boundless belief in the creative power of the masses, and his unexampled will power, all of which he learned from Lenin. The rhythm of his life is the rhythm of revolution, struggle, arrest, imprisonment, escape, fresh struggle, fresh arrest, imprisonment, Siberia, escape, and struggle again.

In a proclamation celebrating Lenin's fiftieth birthday, Stalin himself described three kinds of proletarian leaders. 'There are leaders during stormy periods, self-denying and unafraid, but insignificant in the field of theory.' Such leaders include Lassalle in Germany and Blanqui in France. Then there is another kind of leader, 'peace-time leaders, great theorists but poor organizers and without significance in the practical field.' Such leaders include Plechanov in Russia and Kautsky in Germany, and of these leaders Stalin said that 'as soon as the era of revolution dawns, and as soon as these leaders achieve practical results, they leave the stage and others take their place.' Stalin belongs to none of these groups. He is the Lenin type of leader who understands the exact moment in the revolutionary struggle when it is time 'to weld together theory and practical organization in the proletarian movement.'

Stalin to-day is the shining leader of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union, the shining leader of world Bolshevism. He worked with Lenin during the dark days of reaction, building up the party and making possible the victorious proletarian revolution of October. He has laid the groundwork of the Five-Year Plan for socialized industry and collective agriculture.

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One of Stalin's most striking traits, the quality above all others that all proletarian fighters love him for and that all exploiters and traitors despise, is his fortitude, his unexampled, invincible, fighting determination to crush all Bolshevist renegades. His fist, the mighty fist of the working class, smites down with its pulverizing weight all opportunists, all bourgeois elements, all capitulators and phrase-mongers who betray our cause. At a time when all the bourgeois nations, monarchist and socialist alike, find themselves in the grip of various Fascist dictatorships, we hail Stalin as the incarnation and standard bearer of the proletarian dictatorship. All enemies of the proletariat, all governments, employers, bankers, generals, socialists, Fascists, traitorous followers of Trotski, and right-wing renegades utter the name of Stalin with furious hatred. All opportunists, reconciliationists, and left-wing chatterboxes in our own ranks esteem him not. No matter. For that very reason he is beloved by the workers in the Soviet factories, the peasants in the Soviet villages, the fighting unemployed of Berlin, the industrial workers of Paris, the hungry coolies of Canton, and young workers everywhere who are eager for knowledge and ready to fight.

'Stalin is our man, Stalin is our comrade'—so think the revolutionary working masses, and they are right.

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BACK TO SILVER

The Lesson of the American Debacle

By J. F. Darling

From the *National Review*, London Tory Monthly

FOR SOME SIX YEARS our financial authorities have subordinated all other interests first to attaining and then to retaining what is known as 'parity' with the United States of America. But pre-War parity has little relationship to the conditions of to-day, and therefore in making it our aim an artificial value was imparted to the pound. But, further, by what 'yardstick' can we measure the relative values of the monetary units of two countries whose economic conditions are so divergent?

In this connection I may be permitted to quote from an article entitled 'America or Empire' which I contributed to the *National Review* for May, 1925:—

> If it is argued that these are most excellent reasons why Britain should follow suit and go on to the gold standard now, the answer is that Britain is unable to do so and retain her financial and economic freedom. To retain that freedom under conditions so dissimilar as those that at present obtain in Britain and in the United States it is essential that the exchange must be free to fluctuate. The exchange is our only safety valve, and if we close it down we incur a very grave risk of causing an explosion sooner or later.

A year afterward the first great explosion took place, in the shape of a six months' coal stoppage. This was an indirect result of the gold standard, which in effect imposed a duty of at least ten per cent on all our exports, the most vulnerable being coal. Now we have a greater explosion in the American debacle through Stock Exchange speculation of an unheard-of magnitude. Its repercussions are being felt all over the world and by no means least in Britain.

But, it may be asked, what had Britain's return to the gold standard to do with the debacle in the United States? According to the New York *Journal of Commerce*, whose editor is an eminent economist and was closely associated with the Federal Reserve System, it had a great deal to do with it. Referring to Mr. Snowden's remarks on the effect of the orgy of speculation on other countries, the newspaper said:—

> If he [Mr. Snowden] had been in close touch with the Bank of England he must have heard of the visits of the governor of that bank to the United States in order to arrange to keep interest rates low. Low rates, through producing an artificial cheapness of money in the United States, are alleged to have started

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the speculative mania which was allowed to flourish and because of neglect soon became unmanageable. Speculative interests in the United States may have enjoyed a debauch, but the country has had to pay for it, and in so doing pays the price of the maintenance of an erroneous financial policy in Great Britain at the instance of the country's central bank.

To what extent the above is correct I do not profess to be able to say, but it is a point of view which we would be ill-advised to ignore.

The United States usually holds about double the amount of gold that it is necessary to hold under the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act; Britain's gold is wholly employed as a basis for credit and is insufficient for the purpose. So long as this disparity exists, we have no means of affecting the credit situation in that country, for it is in a position to counteract gold movements either inward or outward. They, however, hold a whip hand over us, though, as a favor—as in the instance referred to—they may not use the whip. On the other hand, with vivid recollection of their present experience, on a future occasion they may be more ready to use it!

THERE are other important divergences in the economic positions of the two countries. During the past five years our wholesale price level has fallen nearly twenty per cent, while that of the United States shows no material change. Then there is the prolonged series of one-sided payments necessary to discharge Europe's War debts to the United States, averaging £70,000,000 per annum over the next thirty-six years. The greater part will fall to be made either by us or through us; and thus the situation becomes further involved by reason of our diametrically opposed fiscal policies. With conditions so divergent, on what possible basis can parity be definitely established unless it be that one country becomes subordinate to the other?

Let us now recall briefly what, so far, has been the effect on our commerce and industry. The bank rate has been raised from three per cent, at which it stood in July, 1923, to five and one-half per cent; Treasury bill rates have risen from two per cent to five per cent; while the yield on longer-dated government securities, which then was tending downward, has been raised to five per cent. This constitutes a heavy burden on industry both directly and, through taxation, indirectly.

But a still more onerous burden is being borne. In the summer of 1924 a secret committee was appointed, on whose recommendation the pound was raised to parity. This was effected, first, through raising the rate of interest and, second, through the Bank of England undertaking to pay in gold a good deal more than the pound was worth. In this way foreign money was attracted and parity with the dollar was reached. But while the pound was thus being manipulated, the country's foreign-trade position was rapidly becoming more adverse. Between 1923 and

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1925 our adverse visible trade balance increased by no less than £183,000,000.

To raise the value of the pound in the face of this adverse trade position was tantamount to placing a duty on exports and giving a bonus to imports. The exchange value of the pound was enhanced by at least ten per cent, and probably by more. Other things remaining the same, the pound would now buy ten per cent more foreign goods, whereas a given quantity of the products of our industry sold abroad would realize ten per cent fewer pounds. Of course, an adjustment had to be effected, but the full brunt of adjusting our price level to that of the outside world has fallen on us. If we compare September, 1924, with September, 1929, we will find that according to the Board of Trade figures our general wholesale price level has fallen eighteen and sixth-tenths per cent, while materials alone show a decline of nineteen and nine-tenths per cent. According to the economics of last century there should have followed an adjustment in costs of production through a reduction in wages, which form so large a part of these costs. Professor Bowley's index, however, shows that the fall in money wages over the period is only one per cent; so that, as the cost of living is down 6 per cent, there has been an increase in real wages.

THIS, then, is where the return to the gold standard, effected by the aid of the money factor, has landed us—a fall in prices of nearly twenty per cent with money wages practically unchanged. It is an impossible situation which obviously cannot be maintained. We are confronted, however, with a further serious complication. As the result of the American debacle a fall in commodity prices has set in over there; and, when we consider how the installment system permeates the United States, it is not improbable that the deflationary movement thus started may assume serious proportions. The effect, of course, would be world-wide, and indeed is already being felt. Thus, at a time when for us a rise in prices is so essential, we are faced with the likelihood of a further fall in prices.

To correct the situation, wages must fall or prices rise. If the former be regarded as outside practical politics, then we must concentrate on the most effective means of raising prices. Something more radical than mere palliatives is necessary. When a coat is cut too small, however much a tailor may pin and chalk-mark and pull here and adjust there, the result is never satisfactory. A new garment has to be made. This is analogous to our position with regard to the gold standard. We really require some other standard more suited for the commerce and industry and development, not only of Britain, but of the Empire.

Now from time immemorial the world has used the two precious metals for monetary purposes, and it is only within the last sixty years—if

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we omit Great Britain—that the Western nations one after the other have discarded silver and adopted gold. At this critical stage in the world's economy it is surely well worth consideration whether a solution of our monetary difficulties may not be found in the rehabilitation of silver. By that I do not mean that so much silver should be purchased by one country and so much by another, but—to revert to our illustration—that gold and silver should be woven together, one as the warp and one as the woof, thus forming a strong and durable material, which could be used as a standard of value. The loom whereby gold and silver could thus be interwoven was described in last month's *National Review*. It takes the form of a super-bank (quite different in character, however, from the present projected International Bank) where central banks would keep their accounts, which would be fed by gold or silver at a fixed ratio between the two metals. The balances thus created would thereupon form a basis for credit and currency in the participating countries, which basis would be transferable by a mere ledger entry in the books of the super-bank. Thus the inconvenience of silver by reason of its bulk, which Ricardo held was the only objection to it as a standard of value, would be overcome.

The effect on prices of rehabilitating silver at a ratio which would restore at least part of its former value would be twofold. It would extend the world's basis of credit, although, through the super-bank, it would still be subject to control. But, perhaps of greater importance, it would increase the purchasing power of existing holders of silver.

LET our imagination run for a moment on the effect on Asia. Nearly one-third of the area of the globe is contained in that vast continent and more than half the population of the world inhabits it. For ages silver, to them, has been a store of value. The savings of the great majority of the people are largely in the form of silver ornaments. For China, silver is still the standard of value.

We may now recall briefly the depreciation that has taken place in silver through deliberate legislative acts of the Western nations. For two and a half centuries before 1873 the value of silver in relation to gold was comparatively stable, and from 1803 entirely so. England adopted the gold standard in 1816, but the rest of the world used silver as a standard, either alone or in conjunction with gold. Germany, taking advantage of her indemnity from France, demonetized silver in 1873, and nation after nation has followed suit. Even India, where silver was and still is inextricably mixed up with the social and economic life of the people, was compelled, much against her will, to close her mints to the free coinage of the metal in 1893. What, then, has been the effect of these legislative acts on the value of silver? Until 1873 silver was approximately sixty pence per ounce; when India closed her mints it fell

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to thirty-five pence; it is now under twenty-three pence. Even since we returned to the gold standard silver has fallen twenty-five per cent. It is a very striking fact that, in consequence of legislation, gold has become forty times more valuable than silver, although only twelve and one-half ounces of silver are produced for each ounce of gold.

What legislation, however, has taken away legislation can restore. If silver were rehabilitated, not necessarily at its old parity, but—let us say—on a twenty-to-one basis, which would equal forty-seven pence per ounce and approximate to the exchange value of the Indian rupee, the effect upon the purchasing power of Asia might be profound. In particular might this be so with China. Sooner or later order must be restored out of what appears to be chaos in that great country, with its four hundred millions of peoples. May we not therefore find in the reconstruction of China, with silver stabilized at forty-seven pence per ounce, just that fillip to our commerce and industry we so sorely need?

BRITAIN'S greatness has been attained by enterprise and leadership, not by following. Britain led in adopting the gold standard and in process of time the world followed. So far as Britain is concerned, the gold standard has served its day and has now become a drag upon the industrial machine. Is there sufficient enterprise again to take the lead and, in conjunction with the other countries of the Empire, adopt the more stable joint standard as an effective instrument for the Empire's development?

The tendency is for the world to become divided into economic groups. There is talk of a United States of Europe, with France apparently aspiring to its financial leadership. At any rate, France now holds £320,000,000 of gold; on the other side of us, the Federal Reserve Banks and the Treasury hold £800,000,000; while the Bank of England's holding is only £131,000,000. Wedged in between the two, we are being pushed into a tight corner. Under the above conditions, coöperation between central banks, on which so much stress has been laid, simply means Britain's seeking favors from either the United States or France. In coöperation with our copartners in the Empire, let us have the enterprise and courage to strike out on a line of our own and so regain our independence.

The lesson of the great debacle will not have been lost if it brings home to us that—at any rate under present-day conditions—gold is not that secure 'anchorage' its advocates have represented it to be, and if it leads us to examine the merits of the joint standard with its compensatory action upon prices.

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WHY AMERICA GETS RICH

A Frenchman Discusses American Prosperity

By Lucien Laurat

Translated from *Le Progrès Civique*, Paris Liberal Weekly

IN SPITE OF THE CATASTROPHE in Wall Street, which led a certain journalist to remark that every apartment in New York contained at least one victim of the stock collapse, the United States remains, as it has been for a long time, the richest country in the world. In 1850 its national wealth was valued at $7,000,000,000 and England's at $20,000,000,000. But by 1890 the United States exceeded England, for from 1850 to 1890 its national wealth increased ninefold, while the wealth of England only multiplied two and one half times over. From 1900 to 1914 America's wealth continued to grow more rapidly than the wealth of any other country, rising during this period from $88,500,000,000 to $205,000,000,000, while the wealth of England rose from $54,000,000,000 to $80,000,000,000 and the wealth of Germany from $50,000,000,000 to $95,000,000,000. Of course this development seems less surprising when one recalls that the United States was being populated by immigrants. The rapid growth of the active population—since the result of immigration is to increase the percentage of active people in the country—necessarily corresponds to a similarly rapid growth in respect to national wealth.

From 1900 until the outbreak of the War the population of the United States increased 25 per cent, the population of Germany 18 per cent, the population of England 8 per cent, while the population of France hardly changed at all. However, even if one takes into account only the increased income per individual and not the increase in the wealth of the entire country, America grew rich at a truly surprising rate of speed.

In 1900 the average annual income per capita in the United States was $227.50 a year; in England, $181.50; in France, $159; and in Germany, $125. On the eve of the War the average American income of $360 a year already exceeded the average French income of $190 and the average German income of $150 put together, and was almost 50 per cent more than the average British income of $250. From 1900 to the outbreak of the War, the income per inhabitant increased at the rate of 60 per cent in the United States, as compared with 38 per cent in England and 20 per cent in France and Germany.

It would be cruel to dwell too long on the course that events have taken since 1914. Three or four years ago the national wealth of the

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United States was valued at $320,000,000,000. Taking into account the depreciation of gold that was brought about by the War, this amount would be equivalent to $230,000,000,000 in 1914, when the actual wealth of the country was reckoned at $205,000,000,000. The European countries, on the other hand, have been standing still. It has taken them nearly a decade to heal their wounds. Nevertheless, the growth of America's wealth and its increased national income constitute one of the most striking phenomena of modern times, and though this manifestation is commonly associated with the War, the Americans were actually growing rich faster than we Europeans were even before we had to pay our costs of reconstruction. Yet all the time Europe was working as hard as America.

LET us now glance at the growth of America's annual income. It rose from $7,400,000,000 in 1880 to $12,000,000,000 in 1890, $18,000,000,000 in 1900, $30,500,000,000 in 1910, $72,400,000,000 in 1920, and $90,000,000,000 in 1928. These figures, recently announced by Mr. Julius H. Barnes at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce at Amsterdam, are only useful if one bears in mind the fluctuations of the value of the dollar during the last fifty years.

The national income of the United States increased 92 per cent between 1880 and 1890. It increased 57 per cent between 1890 and 1900, 31 per cent between 1900 and 1910, 17 per cent between 1910 and 1920, and 78 per cent between 1920 and 1928. Income per capita increased at a rate of 52 per cent between 1880 and 1890, at a rate of 37 per cent between 1890 and 1910, at a rate of 13 per cent from 1900 to 1910, at a rate of 15 per cent from 1910 to 1920, and at a rate of 35 per cent between 1920 and 1928.

The period of declining percentages is easily explained. Although the actual income increased from decade to decade, it remained virtually stationary in absolute figures and represented a smaller and smaller actual growth over the income in the previous period. But the striking thing is the formidable growth that has occurred since 1920, in respect not only to total income but to income per capita. Expressed in absolute figures, the same phenomenon is apparent. The total per capita income increased $7,200,000,000 (valued at the 1913 level) between 1880 and 1890, $8,500,000,000 between 1890 and 1900, $7,300,000,000 between 1900 and 1910, $6,200,000,000 between 1910 and 1920, but $28,000,000,000 (all this is expressed in terms of the 1913 dollar) in the course of the last eight years.

The entire picture represents a gradual decline in the rate of growth since 1900, which since 1920 suddenly changed to a new and rapid rise, relative as well as absolute. Between the two periods of increased growth a cæsura occurred, but it was not due to the War. It had existed since

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1900 and the War merely accentuated a tendency that already existed. We are therefore led to a somewhat unexpected conclusion: it was not the War that enriched the United States!

This result may seem stupefying, but let us remember that the national wealth of America, valued at $205,000,000,000 when the War broke out, increased to $320,000,000,000 in ten years, but that this sum represented in purchasing power only 230,000,000,000 pre-War dollars. The United States did not grow rich through the War but through the consequences of the War, and the increase of its national income since 1920 proves it.

THE two periods of accelerated growth, separated as they are by the first two decades of the twentieth century, bear all the distinguishing earmarks of the nature and origins of the sources of American wealth. Until 1900 the United States was essentially a country of colonization. It absorbed not only European immigrants but European capital as well, especially British capital, and the American railroads were built with European money. The great industrial enterprises of America were also established through European capital, and the interest on this capital, amounting to $5,000,000,000 in 1900, had to be deducted from the American national income, though the benefits arising from this capital investment, which are always very great in new countries, remained in the hands of Americans and increased the national income. Moreover, the railways made it possible to cultivate vast stretches of hitherto waste land, and it is a matter of common knowledge that the construction of roads and railways makes ground rents increase and also sends up real-estate values, all of which is reflected in the national income.

Between 1880 and 1890 the wealth of the country increased from $44,000,000,000 to $65,000,000,000. In the same space of time the value of the land, houses, and flocks rose from $22,500,000,000 to $29,000,000,000. But in 1900 this period reached its close. Colonizing was almost at an end and immigrants were tending more and more to enter industry rather than agriculture. It was during the first decade of the twentieth century that the agricultural sources of wealth began to deteriorate while at the same time American industry was not yet strong enough to compete in the world market with its European rivals, two factors that caused the income of the country to rise less rapidly. Then came the War, bringing perhaps not many immediate advantages but preparing the future. In the four corners of the earth it opened to American business the markets that the warring nations of Europe had to abandon. At the same time the decrease in American immigration deprived the American economic structure of labor at the very moment when it was most needed and the Yankees were obliged to compensate

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for this lack by the most rational and scientific kind of organized production.

When the War ended and was followed by a crisis of adjustment to new conditions, the United States appeared on the world scene. It had a powerful industry, and during the War it had consolidated itself in Canada and Latin America. It handed over to Europeans $5,000,000,000 to pay their War debts with, and thus put Europe in its debt. Furthermore, the output of many American industries is much greater to-day than it is on our continent. In the electric industry the annual output per worker is $3,111 in the United States, as against $2,300 in Germany, $1,600 in England, and $1,220 in France. It is also to be noted that the electric industries of these three European nations are becoming more and more dominated by Yankee enterprises.

Given this difference in output, American economy then appropriates to itself in its exchanges with other nations the values those other nations create. We provide America with merchandise into whose manufacture a certain amount of work has gone. In so far as this merchandise is not being used to pay our debts but is exchanged with American merchandise we receive in return products representing less work, because of the superior productivity of Yankee economy. This labor on the part of Europe and of other continents that do business with America or that must pay interest on capital they owe has helped to increase the national income of the United States. We must not forget to include also the activities of certain American monopolies, for Europe needs certain raw materials for which she must pay tribute to America.

IT IS sufficient to recall in connection with this subject what happened early this year in the copper market, when prices kept rising to such a height that they seriously threatened the ability of certain European industries to continue in business at all. According to M. Azaria, president of the Compagnie Générale d'Électricité, the rise in the price of copper increased the capitalized value of the products made by this company during 1928 to the extent of 50,000,000 francs. These sums, falling as they do on the European consumer, are drained over to the United States. The Compagnie Générale d'Électricité is only one of many instances, for the same thing has happened in numerous industries, in France as well as in Belgium, in Germany as well as in England.

The formidable growth of America's national income is therefore not only explained by the prodigious development and superiority of American industry but even more by the fact that a portion of the labor of Europe, South America, and Asia is drawn through many different channels into the great transatlantic Republic. Thus, the whole world conspires to feed the sources of American wealth.

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NORTH ATLANTIC RESCUE

Heroism on the High Seas

By E. P. Ortweiler

From *The Times*, London Conservative Daily

DURING A HEAVY GALE in the Atlantic on December 6th the White Star liner, *Baltic*, found the Newfoundland fishing schooner, *Northern Light*, drifting and waterlogged, her crew clinging to the deck, with huge waves sweeping over them. The following account of the rescue of five out of the schooner's crew of six is taken from a letter to his parents by Mr. E. P. Ortweiler, of London, who was a passenger on the *Baltic*.

AT ABOUT 10 A.M. on Friday, December 6th, I saw two bare masts swaying violently on the horizon. At times they would disappear entirely behind the crests of waves. I thought, at the time, that we should probably come abreast of the vessel later in the morning and made a mental note that it might be an interesting sight. About three-quarters of an hour later as I was sitting in the lounge a fellow passenger asked me to come on deck to look at what he called a fishing vessel in distress.

I followed him and saw on our port side a small two-masted sailing vessel. No sails were set, and there was no auxiliary motor, as could be seen by the absence of a propeller each time the stern lifted out of the water. As we came nearer we veered round to give the vessel the lee of our bulk, though this could not help much, as we had to stand off some distance. Through glasses its name was now decipherable—the *Northern Light*. Some four or five men could be seen on the deck. The agonizing angles at which it rode the waves made one catch one's breath. The hull continually disappeared behind the waves, even when viewed from so high a perch as the boat deck of a 25,000-ton liner.

Meanwhile, with singularly little commotion, one of the *Baltic's* lifeboats had been manned by a volunteer crew of nine under the third officer—Mr. J. H. Walker, who already holds two medals for saving lives at sea. The lifeboat crew seemed to comprise every conceivable type, in age from 15 to 50 and in shape as varied as the human form allows; but one was full of admiration for their stout hearts (they knew they hadn't much chance of getting back). The davits were swung out and the lifeboat lowered to within some feet of the crests of the waves. It was a long, long way from the davits on the top deck to the water, and

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even a slight roll entailed great danger of the lifeboat's swinging against the ship's side and upsetting its occupants into the sea.

By skillful handling, however, this was avoided. Buckets of oil were poured into the water (and also over the third officer, who made some audible comments about it in nautical language). The oil had little effect, and the lifeboat swung above the water. At the next big wave it was dropped with a splash and rowed away from the ship's side as quickly as possible. Then began a twenty minutes' struggle to cover the three hundred yards to the schooner. The lifeboat rode the waves in the most amazing fashion.

When it came within hailing distance the crew of the schooner threw over a line attached to a piece of wood. This was picked up by the lifeboat and made fast to its bows. One by one the crew of the schooner let themselves over the stern, dragged themselves through the water by means of the line, and were hauled on board the lifeboat. The line was about fifty feet long, but the waves sometimes brought the two vessels so close together for a moment that one of the schooner's crew jumped straight from his ship into the lifeboat—full on the stomach of one of its crew.

The last man but one went over the stern and grasped the line, which was slack at the moment. A wave separated the two boats and thereby tautened the line suddenly, just as the man was reaching the lifeboat. The line was wrenched out of his hand, and though the man in the bow of the lifeboat grabbed at him he sank like a stone.

FOR what seemed a long time the master of the *Northern Light*—the last man in his ship—could be observed behaving like a man possessed, waving his arms in gestures of despair and looking over the side of the vessel. They say he made several attempts to cast off the line and leave himself to his fate. Eventually he seemed to hurl himself over the stern and tear himself along the line till he was hauled on board the lifeboat. The lifeboat cut the line and made its way back to the *Baltic*.

Apparently in order to give the lifeboat smooth water, the *Baltic* backed down as it approached. In an incredibly short space of time the lifeboat was swept round the *Baltic's* bows to windward. For a quarter of an hour my heart never left my mouth. There was hardly a dog's chance of their getting back again without being smashed up against the ship's bows or against its anchor as they and the *Baltic* pounded up and down. It was so sickening that I had to turn away at times.

After a long struggle and by manœuvring the *Baltic* herself as much as possible, the lifeboat regained our lee and one saw the rescued men, their faces black with grime, huddled up in their soaking rags. One by one, first the rescued, next the crew, and last the third officer were hauled on board by lines slipped under their armpits. It was too rough

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to use a ladder, and it was too rough to get the lifeboat back on board. It was left to drift in the Atlantic until it sank.

That is the story from a spectator's point of view. But a bare recital of the facts learned from the rescued skipper makes the thing an epic. The vessel was a schooner bound from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Bonavista, Newfoundland, with a cargo of ninety tons. This is a trip, in sight of land all the way, which normally takes twelve hours, but in bad weather anything up to twenty-four. They started off in perfect weather and had sailed for thirty-nine out of the ninety-odd miles when the storm blew up. It carried away all the spars and rigging one by one, and they had been drifting in a howling gale for seven days. They had had no water for two days, no heat at all for five days, and the boat had been leaking for two days. The captain, Mr. Parsons, had his two sons on board, aged seventeen and twenty. The one aged twenty had been below with pneumonia for four days, and he was the one that was drowned.

They had seen one big ship pass two nights before, but in spite of burning their clothes soaked in paraffin they had been unable to attract its attention. When Captain Parsons asked to be shown on the map where he had been picked up he said it was impossible. He had drifted four hundred and thirty miles in seven days! A collection was taken on board which amounted to £120—a good sum for so small a passenger list. Third Officer Walker will get a piece of plate, the lifeboat crew something each, and the remainder to the rescued.

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MOVING OUT OF RUSSIA

The Mennonite Migration to Canada

By Rudolf Olden

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THIS DESCRIPTION of the migration, now under way, of a large group of German peasants from Russia to Canada calls for a word of explanation. In the first place, the Mennonite sect to which these emigrants belong is a body of intensely individualistic Christians founded by Menno Simons, a native of Friesland, who refused to follow his contemporary, Martin Luther, but established instead a sect of his own which has been persecuted by Roman Catholics and Protestants alike for its refusal to conform to the ways of established society. The movement had always been strong among the North German peasants and in 1786 Catherine II admitted a considerable number of them to Southern Russia, where they were permitted greater freedom than they could enjoy in the Prussian state. But the descendants of these settlers, finding the Soviet authorities too hostile toward their beliefs, are now departing for Canada. Curiously enough, another group of Mennonites left Germany for Canada during the same year that the ancestors of the present emigrants moved to Russia, and in 1683 a still earlier group established the first Mennonite settlement in the New World in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

AT LAST the *Alexei Rykov* enters the harbor. We had previously heard that on account of technical difficulties she could dock only in Hamburg, which was something that the people here at Swinemünde cannot understand at all, for they believe that their harbor accommodations are fully as adequate as those of Hamburg. Then a cable arrived saying that the ship had been delayed, and for some time no one knew whether or not she had gone astray. But finally, on Sunday, she was located by wireless and now she lies before us, a splendid vessel, propelled by Diesel engines. Sleek as a Venetian gondola, she rides at anchor while her curious cargo of human beings crowds against her rails. Yet all these people represent but a fragment of an extensive migration which has been going on for years and which has not yet run its course.

The district physician has gone out to the roads to meet the ship, secure in the illusion that his profession protects against infection. For an hour, therefore, he has been searching for possible evidences of contagious disease among the emigrants, above all for signs of the spotted

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fever, which we came to know and dread during the War. He finds, however, that only a few children have measles and scarlatina, two of them having succumbed during the course of the voyage. With these exceptions the health of the group is good. The doctor is also able to conclude that the general state of nutrition on the boat is satisfactory. Only the children look somewhat delicate, and there are almost a hundred of them under ten years of age to less than two hundred adults. But their sickly appearance is due to the fact that they were born and raised in the lean years of famine.

The gangplank is lowered and policemen and health officers make themselves useful. Fathers and mothers, men with their wives and children, burdened with all manner of bundles and boxes, hurry down, abandoning for all time the Russian soil which they and their fathers and forefathers have trod for a century and a half. They return to German soil, though only as temporary guests, as transients, for the ultimate destination on which their hopes are concentrated is still remote. They are on their way to Canada.

WHILE this historic migration from one country to another, from one century to another, from a new conception of life to an old one, is going on, we hear the throb of song with a familiar melody, but strange words. We look upward inquiringly and see a group of men and girls standing arm in arm on the upper deck singing the 'Internationale' in Russian. They do not belong to the emigrating group, but are regular passengers on the *Alexei Rykov*, Communists or Communist sympathizers who have visited Russia as guests of the Soviet for the anniversary of the Revolution and are now on their way home. To the fugitives and to us who protect them they sing a gay song of defiance, mocking the *kulaks* and the capitalists, for the usual economic order was reversed on the *Alexei Rykov*, where the adherents of the proletarian revolution slept in airy cabins while the so-called rich peasants were crowded into the steerage.

The wanderers assure us, however, that no particular obstacles were put in the way of their departure and that the sea trip did not prove disagreeable. In Leningrad, where they waited for three weeks, they had very scanty fare and were obliged to part with many of their possessions in order to buy food. But in spite of this experience and the various hardships they have undergone, they do not look in the least famished. They are not bowed down by misery, and it would be ridiculous to form false impressions on that score. The crowd includes many handsome, erect farmers, true peasants or sons of peasants, wearing furs, and leather jackets, and tall, dark caps of fur. Most of the girls and younger women are round of cheek and rosy of skin. Almost everyone has good, stout boots and shoes and many wear rubber overshoes be-

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sides. Even though they have submitted to much that is directly opposed to their most fundamental principles, even though it was painful to them to leave their homeland and endure the wearisome stages of the journey out of Russia, these people are far from broken-hearted. Unless appearances are deceptive they are fit and ready to exert undiminished strength in the struggle for existence.

We welcome them with friendliness and solicitude and the custom officials handle them considerately, knowing little tribute can be expected. Families with sick children are conducted immediately to the near-by quarantine station and railway coaches stand waiting for the rest near the ship. Warm food is provided from the kitchen cars of the marine service. Sandwiches, offered for sale by young ladies, have never been so cheap and abundant since the 1914 mobilization. Cigarettes also seem to be plentiful, but they are not popular with the crowd. The Mennonites have strict customs of long standing and they disdain everything which could conceivably be thought intoxicating.

THE president of the rural finance committee of Stettin, which looks out for emigrant relief and provides lodgings at the next stopping place, gathers the Mennonites around him, greets them cordially, and offers them all they can desire in the way of lodgings, food, spiritual care, and medical service. Graciously he says: 'I beg you to accept in a friendly manner what the government offers you.' They answer him in chorus: 'Thank you very much, sir, thank you from the bottom of our hearts. Thank you!'

An elderly man answers in behalf of his companions with a few surprisingly well-chosen words. Later I ask him about his origin and his profession. He used to be a peasant, but during the last few years he has worked as a bookkeeper for a coöperative. Life treated him well until the authorities began to expect him to give secret information about the political opinions of his brothers and friends, which caused him to shake the dust of Russia from his feet. Besides, it seems that his children have already settled in Canada and found contentment there.

As far as his motives for emigrating are concerned, this old man is an exception, for all the others were driven away by the land policy of the Soviet authorities. One member of the group had possessed sixty-five acres, another had had forty-eight acres, and still another originally claimed three hundred acres, but in 1923 a widespread redistribution occurred, though even after that, the peasants say, they were able to make a living from the shares allotted to them. Shortly after this, however, the government's demands for grain deliveries became more and more oppressive. 'We had to deliver more grain than we actually harvested. If we did not produce enough we were deprived of our property.' This meant that animals, furniture, and other possessions were seized.

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In the discussions to which I listened three motives for the emigration could be discerned. The first of these was the complex situation brought about by the government policy of economic retrenchment, which involved redistribution of land, mass deliveries of crops, and also the threat that hung over the independent peasantry in the form of the Five-Year Plan. In the opinion of one of these peasants the proposed organization of production known as the *Kolchos*, which has already begun to function in certain quarters, will not prove successful. A second old man dejectedly announced that it will cause general starvation. He did not speak scornfully or maliciously, but with the melancholy assurance of a person who has seen the world turn against his traditional principles, which have been tried and proven for over half a century.

The second reason is of a personal or, rather, a political nature. 'We had not the right to vote.' 'They took away our franchise,' 'they' in this case signifying the strange, great power of Moscow represented locally by the regional committee. The fact that these people had been excluded like criminals from local democratic administration distresses them more profoundly than their economic handicaps.

The third reason impelling the emigrants slowly emerged toward the end of the conversation and to me it seemed the most significant element in the situation. 'They deprived us of the right to teach our children.' That statement is less easy to substantiate than the reports of economic restrictions, which are undoubtedly true. It is not that religious instruction is no longer given in the schools but that the *Kolchos* plan involves transferring all instruction to the collectives, which means that the children will become unbelievers. 'Anti-religious,' that byword of Soviet propaganda, I keep hearing repeated and it seems to be firmly planted in the minds of these peasants. Suddenly the group surrounding me grows silent and I feel sure that piety means far more to them than distribution of land or deliveries of grain, for these peasants are incorrigible individualists and completely irrational. One of the younger men standing near his white-haired father gazes vaguely off into the distance saying, 'You cannot live a material existence in Russia, neither can you live spiritually.' He is what we would call a good Russian type with clear blue eyes, blond hair that looks like straw, and a broad face. No one in the group is able to express in more lucid terms what they all feel.

THEY tell me that the hand of fate fell heavily, not only upon the *kulaks*, the rich peasants, but upon many of the poorer members of the group. In true peasant fashion, however, they must have succeeded in concealing considerable wealth, for even the passports they needed cost 220 rubles apiece, which must have meant a total expenditure of a thousand or more rubles for many families, and a total of some forty

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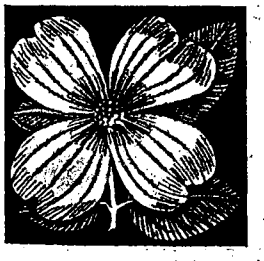
thousand rubles for their entire exodus. The poorer ones borrowed from the richer, promising to pay back their debts in Canada, thus relieving the lenders of claims made by the Soviet authorities upon their funds, for no one is permitted to take Russian money across the border. Many of the peasants sent the remainder of their savings to Siberia so that relatives and friends in exile there might follow later.

Almost in the manner of an inquisitor I ask them how it came about that more than ten thousand people of the same stock and faith suddenly started this movement of emigration. Was it a general agreement, or perhaps a conspiracy? No, they objected vigorously to such imputations. It had been nothing but the same sense of oppression manifesting itself everywhere at the same time. One man would be visiting his neighbor, seeing him packing his goods and preparing to depart, whereupon he would go home and do likewise. The young man with the pale blue eyes says that they undertook the venture 'as if guided by a spirit.'

All of them climb into the train, which slowly pulls out of the station. Several young girls, fresh, blond, red-cheeked creatures, lean out of the windows of one of the coaches. Softly, into the mist, they sing an ancient church hymn. The 'Internationale' echoes from the water, from the upper decks of the *Alexei Rykov* as it heads out to sea. Above our heads the two melodies mingle.



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WHAT IS THE USE OF AIRCRAFT?

Heavier- versus Lighter-than-Air Machines

By an Aviation Expert

From the *New Statesman*, London Independent Weekly

THE QUESTION IS PUT soberly, although in the mouths of many intelligent people it is becoming a rhetorical one, answerable, if at all, with an irritated negative. Progress is all very well. The human race may be happily fated to go ever faster and faster. But it can be argued quite cogently, especially by a peaceable inhabitant of these islands, that we should be sleeping more comfortably in our beds if the invention of aëroplanes had been delayed for fifty years. It is only necessary to reflect that since aëroplanes took to flying over it, the English Channel, Britannically speaking, is by no means what it was. This overriding of our insularity would not matter so much if the baby science of aviation were gently nurtured. But it has been suckled lustily on war, and unless its warlike proclivities are sternly nipped, it may easily grow into a little monster. There is a bad dream which sometimes afflicts those who are sensitive to the unstable political atmosphere of contemporary Europe, and the centre of that dream is an aëroplane high in the night air, dropping an unknown horror upon a peaceful city. This is not to be dispelled either by earnest discussions about disarmament on the one hand, or by the complacency of professional naval and military opinion on the other. The potentiality of air offensive is already enormous. No one knows what may be brewing for us in the aëronautical and chemical research laboratories of Europe.

The infant science has, of course, its gentler manners. At a cost of about four hundred thousand pounds we retain the Schneider Trophy, and an Englishman has moved through the air at a speed of 350 miles an hour. Business men find it convenient to fly to Paris in 'giant air liners'—which carry about as much as a motor lorry. Wealthy people of sporting tendencies are buying Moths in gratifying numbers. One-fifth of the House of Commons was only prevented by bad weather from taking a trip in *R 101*. And air-mindedness is said to be on the up grade. But, to put the thing in its plainest terms, these islands are so situated that the advent of air power has exposed them to an incalculable menace, while they are too small to take a leading part in the development of air transport. If this is so, asks the skeptic, what in the name of peace and prosperity is the use of aircraft?

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SIR DENNIS BURNEY, sponsor of *R 100*, has proposed an optimistic answer in his book, *The World, the Air, and the Future*. The cosmic nature of this title is reflected in the range, if not the profundity, of his argument, which runs about among all the knotty problems of world politics and economics and discovers that the key to their solution is the development of civil aviation. Sir Dennis may be called an imperialist in his short views and an internationalist in his long ones. Ultimately, he says, aviation, which by its very nature overrides national boundaries, will be the harbinger of universal concord. Meanwhile, hoping for but not trusting much in disarmament, we must do what we can. And Britain's best course, faced as she is with the European imbroglio, is to turn her back on it as much as may be and set about consolidating the Empire.

The neatest way of doing this, it seems, is to bring Australia within a week of London. Let Britons get to know each other better; let capital and ideas flow fast and free along the air lines; let us make the Empire markets safe for Britons; let us have a real British aircraft industry, prospering in maintenance of Empire transport. With the commonwealth of British peoples on short visiting terms no one will dare to bomb Britain; and, if anyone should dare, our factories can be switched on to war production, our civil aircraft transformed into bombers, in the twinkling of an eye. As a measure of insurance against attack, this is infinitely superior to our present half-hearted preparation of a direct air force defense, and the Government would do well to curtail the air force vote and devote a large sum to subsidizing long-distance transport.

There is, no doubt, something in this 'Hands across the Air' *motif*, but not nearly so much as Sir Dennis claims. If Australia is within a week of London, she is correspondingly near to Berlin, New York, and Tokyo; and it is often found that the members of a family live in the closest amity when at a distance. Moreover, Sir Dennis's plans leave the problem of Britain's air defense exactly where it is. For the essential menace of future aërial attack resides in its suddenness and surprise. The first act of 'the next war' may well precede the official rise of the curtain, and it is of no use to prepare to be strong in the second act if the play is designed by the enemy to conclude with the first.

HOWEVER, it is very desirable, for whatever reasons, to be able to get to Melbourne in a week, and Sir Dennis's plans for achieving this are much more interesting than the object he has in view. Aircraft has speed to sell and will only carry freight—such as passengers, mails, and precious perishable goods of small bulk—for which a high price can be paid for time saved. The demand for a regular air service between two places increases, on the whole, with the distance between them. A business man who would not pay £5 to save four hours be-

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tween London and Glasgow might well pay £100 to save four days between London and New York. There is therefore a good argument for bold and early development of the longest air routes, and this introduces the technical problem of selecting the type and size of aircraft with the maximum disposable load.

This will be clear from an example. Suppose an aircraft with a total weight of ten tons goes at 100 miles an hour under 1,000 horse power, and that the weight of its structure, engines, and crew is six tons. Its disposable load is four tons, and this may be divided between freight and fuel in any proportion. Its maximum range occurs when all its disposable load consists of fuel: if this is 1,000 miles, it will carry two tons of freight 500 miles. Now suppose a larger aircraft is built. Its total weight and horse power are to be doubled, and it is to have the same strength and the same speed. If its disposable load is eight tons, the larger aircraft will carry a given paying load exactly as far, and at the same fuel cost, as two of the smaller craft, but its overhead costs will be lower and it will certainly be the more comfortable vehicle.

The crux of the matter is evidently the ratio of disposable load to total weight, and here a very important difference between airship and aëroplane emerges. The disposable load ratio definitely increases with size in an airship: it pays to build big. With aëroplanes the issue is much more doubtful. There is theoretical reason to suppose that the structure weight for given strength will encroach very seriously on the total weight as size increases. Thus as regards airships we are already at the 150-ton mark with *R 101*, and there is no reason why ships of double this displacement, with corresponding gain in range, should not be built. As regards aëroplanes, about thirty tons is probably the limit of economical total weight. This gap between the two types may be bridged to some extent by the flying boat. The very large land plane raises the problem of landing in an acute form, for large aërodromes of specially good surface must be provided, the landing speed must be kept low (a very uneconomic feature), and the danger of forced landing is increased. The sea, however, is an aërodrome of infinite extent, and so the very large flying boat may take advantage of an increased landing speed, while its seaworthiness increases with size. This discrimination against the land plane is already evident in current design. The largest land planes do not at present weigh more than twenty tons, while the Dornier *Do.X* flying boat, weighing fifty tons, with a landing speed of ninety miles an hour and sleeping accommodation for sixty passengers, has been successfully launched.

SIR DENNIS BURNEY, making allowance for possible improvements in design, produces the following classification of what commercial aircraft may achieve within the next generation:—

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Type	Weight (tons)	Speed Miles (per hour)	Pay Load (tons)	Range (miles)
Airship	350–600	100	50–100	3,500
Flying boat	70–100	120–150	10	1,250
Land plane	20	110–130	4	600

It looks optimistic, but if it is realized aircraft may clearly girdle the earth. The long ocean routes will be served by airships, the shorter by flying boats; land planes will supply overland feeder lines to the main routes, while smaller aëroplanes will ply over shorter distances.

The basis of this rosy scheme is, and must remain, the airship, for it is about as easy for an ordinary aëroplane to cross (say) the Atlantic in one hop as it is for an ordinary man to swim the English Channel, and no predictable improvement in design is likely to alter this. The question remains: Is the airship likely to prove a commercial proposition over the ocean routes? It is remarkable to find Sir Dennis allying himself with his bitterest critics and saying no, so far as *R 100* and *R 101* are concerned. Recanting his former opinions, he declares: (*a*) that these ships have come out too heavy, and neither will have a sufficient range with an adequate commercial load, even for the comparatively unexacting India route; (*b*) that the present arrangements for mooring and housing are totally unsuited for commercial routine. The first fault is remediable and may even be a good one at this stage if it means that the ships are merely too strong. As regards the second, it is argued that an airship must be given much more frequent opportunities of mooring along its route than is afforded by the costly and cumbersome mooring-mast arrangement, and that the present system of manhandling a ship into her shed is hazardous in any but the calmest weather. This defect, if valid, is fundamental. Sir Dennis projects a radical change of plan to meet it. He proposes to make the airship an amphibian by altering its hull shape and adding floats which, when filled automatically with water on alighting, will effectively anchor it.

It is important to notice that nothing which has yet happened to *R 101* turns the point of these criticisms. In some respects she has confounded her critics. She rode her mast through a gale with remarkable steadiness; she has accomplished a 1,000-mile cruise without a commercial load; she is reasonably airworthy and manœuvrable; and she is almost certainly amply strong. But her commercial test will come when she has to find a mast a thousand miles away in bad weather, carrying a full load. It is probable that with more foresight she and her sister ship could have been built for a much smaller sum. But if the possibilities of this airship business are to be explored, large sums of money must inevitably be spent. It may be that the value of these ships is only temporary and experimental. Even so, the technical experience gained may be cheap at the price, which is less than that of a battleship.

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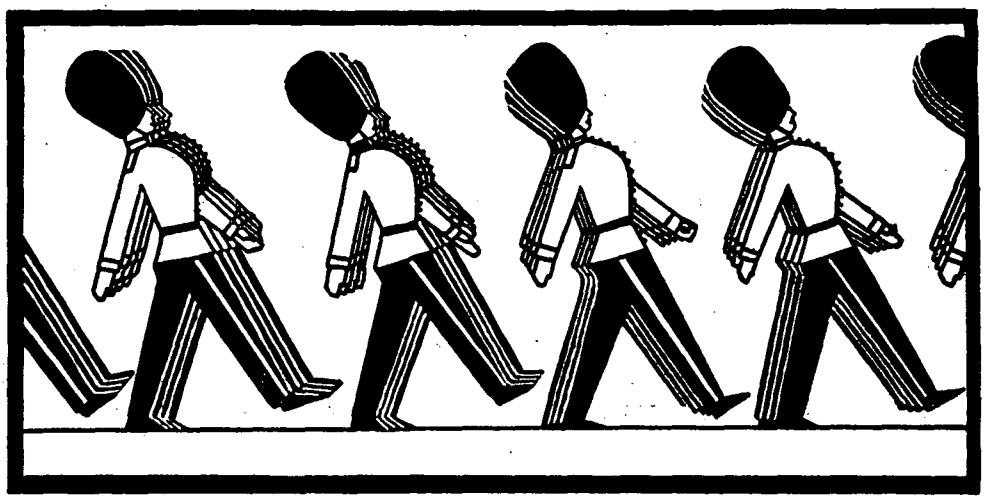

BRIGHTER REALISM

A Plea for Nicer and Better War Books

By 'Yaffle'

From the *New Leader*, London Independent Labor Weekly

ANOTHER War book has been published, and it says even worse things about the War than ever.

I think it is time something was said in favor of war. After all, it is the only way we have of keeping our foes at bay, and if there were no wars they would go about foeing as they please.

Moreover, we men should remember that the army and navy are practically the only professions women may not enter, and the only way in which we can show our superiority without the trouble of having to prove it. Proving things always gives me a headache.

True, there is a dangerous aspect of this question of women and war. Mr. W. H. Foster, President of the Law Society, said recently that 'the War killed women's right to vote, because they did not fight in it.' It also killed several women, as well as their rights; but being killed does not entitle anyone to a vote. He warns us of 'the repugnant prospect—not now impossible—of a parliament of women resolving on a war to be fought by men.'

However, before my male readers give way to panic, let me remind them that in the next war, which will be even more scientific than the last, the women will be killed first. So that if women were to be such fools as to make a war for men to get killed in—which they are quite

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capable of doing, so as to have the kitchen to themselves—they would get it in the neck first, and I should laugh like anything.

You may say it is all very well being ready for war, but what is the use without an enemy? It is here that the *Daily Express*, as usual, steps in to turn our nebulous idealism into practical channels.

Reminding us that eleven years ago the German Navy surrendered to the British, it says: 'We were not impotent then. To-day German steamers are pouring oats into Scotland at prices that knock the bottom out of the market for Scottish farmers. . . . War is war, whether it is waged with guns and battleships or with subsidies and rebates. The Germans are as resolutely bent on destroying the foundations of British prosperity to-day as they were in 1914.'

Now I have listened enough to the conversations of politicians to realize that nobody will ever know anything about the relation between exports and imports, or even which are which. It looks as if it would remain forever a problem as insoluble as death. The one thing that is clear is that wars are caused by not knowing. It would therefore seem that we have an enemy ready, and that the war is practically on. Formerly they tried to destroy us by keeping food out. Now they are trying to do it by sending food in. The subtle, sinister swine.

SEEING, then, that in the face of danger it is necessary to nourish the martial spirit in our midst, I wish to protest that these War books are giving too unpleasant a picture of war. And I feel I must try and counteract the impression, given by these books, that war is degrading to an Englishman. In this I am supported by good authority in the person of Dr. J. C. Carlile, a Baptist minister. Protesting against the tone and language of *All Quiet*, he said in an Armistice Day speech that the book might be a fair representation of German soldiers but it certainly is not true of English soldiers.

What we need to-day is a nicer truth, a nobler realism. I should therefore like to bring to your notice my forthcoming War book—*All Very Nice on All the Fronts*.

My objection to most modern books is that they call too much attention to individual people. War is bound to appear a trifle unpleasant if you keep thinking how it affects single persons. This narrow, personal way of regarding world affairs is a serious impediment to the proper consideration of England's high mission and Destiny. You can not adequately estimate our glorious heritage while you are engrossed in calculations as to the relation between a mother's pension and the cost of her children's boots. You cannot meditate on England's greatness while you are gazing at a hole in an Englishman's trousers.

In my book I do not deal with trivialities which might draw attention from larger issues. The characters, therefore, are composite rather

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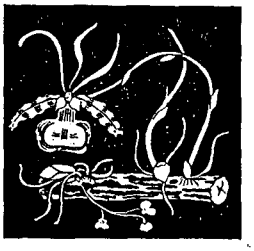
than actual types, drawn from my observation of the English character from a safe distance. I deal with the Soul of England rather than with the somewhat obtrusive bodies of its people. For the whole, as Euclid said, is greater than the part, and much more convenient to deal with.

I do not hide the realities of war. I give an uncompromising, courageous picture of war as it is, or, at any rate, as it will be in the minds of those who are called up for the next one. I do not gloss over its grim realities. In fact, I use the word, 'grim,' ninety-two times. I make no attempt to hide the facts, as they were burnt into the brains or otherwise of every mother's son and, *ipso facto*, father's son. I describe regiments going over the top, flags flying, the sun flashing from their highly polished accoutrements, the ringing cheers of the men rising high above the music of the drums and bugles, grimly.

Old soldiers will shake their heads in grim approval at the exactitude of my accounts of dashing, though grim, cavalry charges, and grim, though heroic, last stands of the ever popular British Square. And my verbatim reports of some of the most impressive speeches will have their special message to the wives and mothers of England, and, I hope, not a few of the aunts.

It is a book that should be read by all whose daily prayer is for peace between wars. And if anybody will put up the money I will write it at once.



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AS OTHERS SEE US

British Labor Looks at Ford

MANY EUROPEANS HAVE been won over to Henry Ford's doctrine of high wages, high production, and high consumption, but its implications have been interpreted in various ways. The foreign employer, as a rule, looks with suspicion upon any suggestion that involves raising wages, while the foreign working man is glad enough to get more money if he can earn it under agreeable conditions. The *Daily Herald*, as the official organ of the British Labor Party, welcomes Mr. Ford's investigation of European labor costs and approves on the whole of his efforts to raise the world's consuming power:—

It appears that employers in Europe are concerned over Mr. Ford's declared intention to apply his gospel on an ever-increasing scale throughout the Old World. Messages from Berlin contain forecasts of trouble, because other employers will be faced with demands that they should copy Mr. Ford's example. A campaign has been started to prevent the International Labor Office from proceeding with its investigation into the rates of wages that should be paid in European towns to be equivalent to those prevailing in Detroit.

People who take this attitude are certain to be worsted in the struggle for trade. Increased consuming power in the home market is one of the most urgent needs of industry in Europe, including Great Britain, and the only way to secure that increase is to advance wages.

It would, however, be false optimism to believe that there is within industry to-day sufficient energy and freedom to apply on a general scale the lessons so obvious in Mr. Ford's example. Out-of-date philosophies are too strong and vested interests are too firmly entrenched. The force to compel real reorganization must come from the community, and every day of continued failure of Big Business drives home the lesson to the common people. As that lesson is applied, not only the methods but the basis and motive of industry will be changed. Socialism is inevitable.

The Spoiled American Child

ALTHOUGH EUROPE AND America are coming to resemble each other in many respects, educational methods on the two sides of the Atlantic still differ fundamentally and the oversea visitor to the United States finds it hard to get used to our sentimental attitude toward children. Ann Tizia Leitich, a correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, describes her sensations as follows:—

Really and truly I believe that the young people, the boys and girls, are better in America than anywhere else in the world. American parents have always tried to give their children better opportunities than they themselves enjoyed and thus they live their own youth over again. This is splendid up to a certain point, but things must not be carried too far—and in America they are. I remember three boys I saw in a subway. At first they sat still but presently they began cuffing each other—good-naturedly to be sure—and soon a strenuous fight had developed, accompanied by Indian war cries. And what did the older people do? They drew back to give more room to youth. They laughed and did not utter a word of protest. But the most wonder-

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ful thing about all this is that these undisciplined, untrained children grow up into brave, industrious money-makers and that the wildest tomboys often become peaceful mothers by the time they are twenty years old.

Red Prophecies for America

THE CALAMITY HOWLERS of Communism, still hoarse from celebrating the Wall Street crash, are now directing their energies toward decrying good Mr. Hoover's attempts to keep American prosperity alive. The 1930 programme that has been worked out in the White House is summarized as follows in the columns of *L'Humanité*, official Communist organ in Paris:—

> American capitalism pretends to be able to weather the present crisis by lowering wages,—as has already been done in the textile industry,—by introducing worse working conditions, and by conquering foreign markets; in other words, by war. And this policy will of course go hand in hand with a still more ferocious repression of the laboring class. The electric chair is utterly indispensable to its fulfillment and workers in France should know and understand what America is doing. For our part, we know how to comport ourselves. Powerful forces of evil thought they could confound us by contrasting prosperous America with agonized Soviet Russia, but the workers have made their choice between the America of the Wall Street crash, the America of Governor Fuller's justice, the America of unemployment, and the Russia of the Five-Year Plan of economic development.

Good-Bye, New York!

MR. H. J. GREENWALL, a special correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, has composed a farewell to the City of New York that parallels closely Henry W. Nevinson's famous 'Good-Bye, America' essay. Here are some representative paragraphs:—

> Good-bye, you city of lovely paradox, I am going home. I am going back to a continent where you believe bathrooms are novelties; where, so you say, we freeze to death because we have no steam heat. Oh, New York, don't you swallow gallons of ice water just because your steam heat dries up the very marrow in your bones?
>
> I am going back to London, where Sunday newspapers appear on Sunday morning, and not on Saturday night, and where drug stores are chemist shops, and not places for the purchasing of sandwiches, coffee, ice-cream sodas, books, and haberdashery. Good-bye, New York. I shall miss those delicious sandwiches, though.
>
> I think a can opener should be emblazoned on the American national shield. You have achieved the supreme art of packing every article of foodstuff into a tin. I am returning to countries where we are still so behind the times that we actually enjoy food that is cooked freshly for us. Think of that, New York.
>
> Good-bye, city of wonderful sky line; by night or by day you are marvelous. I am going back to a gray old city, but where we have not those graceful, slim, and exquisite silhouettes; those tapering buildings so beautifully fashioned that one forgets to be amazed at their height. I love to watch them when sailing up the river, but when night falls, and the lighted windows seem like so many illuminated hanging gardens of Damascus, then, New York, I realize your contribution to architecture.

A Spanish View of American Culture

CARLOS SOLDEVILA, one of the chief editorial writers on *El Sol* of Madrid, has been stimulated by Waldo Frank's *Rediscovery of America* to analyze some of the cultural shortcomings of the United States. His outburst was no doubt prompted by the fact that an earlier book of Mr. Frank's deals with Spain, while his latest one appeared in the *Revista de Occidente*:—

> At first sight the immensity of the United States, its infinite thrust, and its commanding position in the world

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might seem to excuse it from the necessity of trying to develop a personality of its own. But this is not really the case. Americans are not satisfied with having developed an original rhythm of life, and with having made a new language from an old one. Not content with influencing the whole world with their movies, they are still suffering from a terrible kind of homesickness, and their best brains are seeking furiously to free their arts and literature from the European trademark. Some despairing spirits even reach the almost laughable extreme of envying the Central and South American countries, whose Indian blood may help them to formulate a message of their own that is original and not European. Oh, Mexico! You are becoming more Aztec every day!

Remarkably enough, this preoccupation, so evident in the work of Waldo Frank, for instance, is substantially the same element that asserts itself in the ingenuous brutality of the members of the Ku Klux Klan. The only difference is that the author of the *Rediscovery of America* tries to make his country realize its spiritual destiny bloodlessly and through the individual, while the neo-Puritans try to get the same result by external means.

Dekobra Looks Us Over

MAURICE DEKOBRA, author of *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars* and other uplifting tales of international love-making, feels that American standardization menaces the artistic life of the world. As an eminently successful practitioner of mass-production fiction, he takes the humane view that Old-World culture can look forward to battening on a future conflict in the Pacific Ocean rather than to profiting from some hypothetical United States of Europe:—

The United States of Europe is a Utopia that cannot be realized. The only thing that seems to me possible is a division into ethnic groups. First there is the group of Latin nations, including France, Italy, and Spain, with which Rumania and Yugoslavia are to be associated. Then there is the Germanic-Slavic group, including Germany and Russia, for the latter country will evolve from Bolshevism into a republic where capitalism will be tolerated. And finally there is the Anglo-Saxon group, in which I foresee England and the United States working together and fighting in their own interests to prevent Japanese expansion in the Pacific. Conflict is inevitable in that quarter within the space of some twenty years. You will see.

Furthermore, when this conflict comes, we shall be neutral and it will be our turn to enrich ourselves when the United States is fighting. It will be our turn to extend credit to the United States in order to recoup our debts and to see the Yankees paying very high prices for French supplies.

Socialistic America

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, the Paris correspondent of the *New Statesman*, has just returned from a visit to the United States. Like so many foreign visitors before him, he has tried to put his finger on what it is that distinguishes America from the Old World and he comes to the conclusion that America 'has flung overboard our old conceptions of capital, profits, and wages. It has discovered that there are no such "laws" as were laid down by Adam Smith, Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, and even Karl Marx. It has largely gone back to the idealistic Socialism of William Morris.' Here is the way he diagnoses American prosperity:—

The keynote to American prosperity is simply this—that prosperity is only regarded as prosperity if it is shared by the whole of the people. A nation is not prosperous if its workers cannot buy the goods they themselves produce, if profits merely go into the pockets of a few privileged men. It is beside the point to allege that there is plenty of poverty in America, that there are greedy employers and money-grabbing financiers. Doubtless there are. Ideals are not attained in a few years. But I affirm that there is throughout America an

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entirely new attitude toward social and industrial problems, and that, perhaps for the first time in the history of the world—certainly for the first time in the history of the modern industrial world—there is a general recognition that prosperity depends on the well being and wealth of the worker; that the chief function of the employer is to make it possible for the worker to purchase freely; and that the secret of national success is not large profits and low wages, but low costs and high wages.

There is in principle—and the principle is widely accepted—no antithesis of wages and profits, of master and man, of producer and consumer. There cannot, in present conditions, be profits for anybody if the worker does not receive his share of them. There cannot, in a sensible community, be antagonism between the director—who is performing his job of continually eliminating waste, of organizing his factory in order to reduce overhead charges, of scrapping old machinery in favor of more efficient machinery, and generally of increasing output while decreasing cost—and the employee—who should confidently help to produce more without the fear that he will be exploited, without the fear that he will not have his part in the product of his toil. There cannot be a struggle between producer and consumer, for in any rational society producer and consumer are not two persons but one. There must be complete coöperation and copartnership of director, worker, and public.

A Monument to Roosevelt

THE LABOR PARTY of the Republic of Panama has protested to the Municipal Council of Colon against the erection of a statue of President Roosevelt in that city. Here is what they have to say:—

As citizens of Panama we consider a monument to Theodore Roosevelt in Panama derogatory to our national dignity, since it simply hails as benefactor a man who prided himself on grabbing our country for the Yankees. We still remember the words, 'I took Panama,' uttered by President Roosevelt to justify his annexation and exploitation of our country. As active members of the Labor Party of Panama we are firm and frank anti-imperialists and we cannot, therefore, consent to the perpetuation in bronze or marble of those who, in one way or another, bound our Republic to the oppressive chariot wheels of the capitalistic imperialism of the United States. We should not justify, much less applaud or glorify, a man who embodied the economic and political machinations of the country that once bred Lincoln and Washington.

We consider that the monument to Theodore Roosevelt is part of that false policy of cordiality between the United States and Panama which arises from the ignoble and humiliating desire on the part of certain of our politicians to curry favor with the White House by flattering its vanity in order to promote their own ambitions. The municipality of the free and noble city of Colon, a city that has been peculiarly affected by the triumphant dollar, cannot and should not contribute to the pan-American farce. It should not do its bit to glorify a man like President Roosevelt, who was no more than a cog in the huge Yankee capitalist machine and whose feet are stained with our brothers' blood.

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WAR AND PEACE

The temple of peace is being built of paper—frescoed and glittering, but paper still. The temple of war, on the other hand, is of solid steel and its pillars are gold. We are spending a million pounds a year on services for the temple of peace. All the nations together contribute about that much—grudgingly. We are spending in this country about one hundred and fourteen millions on the service of the other temple, and Europe and the rest of the world are spending hundreds of millions of pounds in perfecting mechanisms of slaughter. Women must put an end to that.—*David Lloyd George, former Prime Minister of Great Britain.*

Peace societies are fakes. There are only two real peace societies, the army and the navy. The day we give up our national character we are done for. Don't let anyone tell you a better America will live under the international emblem than under the American flag.—*Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, U. S. N., retired.*

Wars may be an indication of the youth of the human race, but we have reached maturity.—*General Jan C. Smuts, former Premier of South Africa.*

It is, in fact, sheer nonsense to suppose that the men who suffered the 'blood, mud, and misery' of the War ever want to see another, or that they have the faintest wish to have their own children go through such an inferno.

I protest still more bitterly against the effort to vilify war by vilifying the dead, by believing that war degraded and degenerated their minds and spirits to the level of the beast. I might smile at the present fashion of presenting the least pleasant specimens of men and women as completely representative of those in the war zones, but cannot smile when I find these coming to be regarded as typical of all.—*Boyd Cable, British War correspondent.*

In my judgment, war is now in process of being abolished, chiefly by this relentless advance of science, its most powerful enemy. It has existed in spite of religion, and in spite of philosophy, and in spite of social ethics, and in spite of the Golden Rule, since the days of the cave man because it has been in accordance with the revolutionary philosophy of modern science and simply because it has had survival value.

It will disappear like the dinosaur when, and only when, the conditions which have given it survival value have disappeared, and those conditions are disappearing now, primarily because of changes in the world situation being brought about by the growth of modern science.—*Dr. Robert A. Millikan, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.*

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Books Abroad

AN AMBASSADOR OF PEACE. *Lord D'Abernon's Diary. Volume II: The Years of Crisis. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1929. 21 shillings.*

(Wickham Steed in *The Observer*, London)

THIS volume, like its predecessor, has one outstanding defect. It says far too little of the part actually played by its author as British ambassador in Berlin from 1920 to 1926. It is like a film 'featuring' everybody except the hero. It should be viewed, and reviewed, as a film, with the introductory survey, the racy essay on the national character of the French, and the 'personal appreciations' of the chief figures in Europe to serve as captions. The extracts from the ambassador's diary resemble the swift series of photographs that make up a film. Each is incomplete in itself, but, taken with the others in rapid succession, each helps to make up a continuous picture full of color and incident.

The first volume, or reel, showed the story of post-War Europe from the Conference of Spa in July, 1920, to the Conference of Genoa in April and May, 1922. The second shows it to the end of December, 1923. Lord D'Abernon saw things chiefly from Berlin, where every tremor that ran through the world was recorded by supersensitive instruments. The undiscerning might imagine that he merely photographed what the instruments registered. In reality, his hand was constantly adjusting the instruments themselves and, at times, controlling their oscillations.

In Berlin, at any rate, Lord D'Abernon gained a reputation as the greatest British ambassador who had ever worked there. Certainly none of his predecessors in the Wilhelmstrasse Embassy was faced with crises so protracted amid conditions so abnormal as those which marked his term of office; and there is good ground for believing —though it is not visible in his book—that his personal influence over German public men, and his advocacy (no less in London than in Berlin) of policies which he thought sound, prevented those crises from taking a more catastrophic turn. His third volume,

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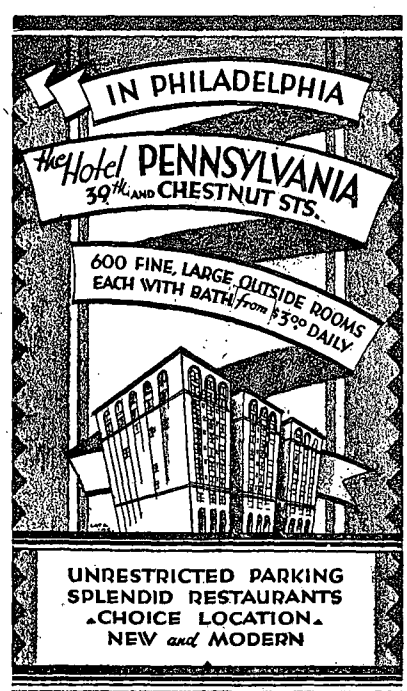

or reel, may tell the inner history of the Dawes Settlement, the Locarno Treaties, and the admission of Germany to the League. But, unless Lord D'Abernon is better 'featured' in it than he is in this volume, somebody else may have to 'feature' him on another film. I, for one, wish that the whole story could be told in the style of the Introductory Survey in Vol. I and of the Introduction to Vol. II.

Yet, like the first, this volume is full of good things. There are flashes of insight, omnipresent humor, thumb-nail sketches drawn with rare economy of line, verses and parodies written in rollicking fun, and anecdotes of public worthies past and present that will not quickly stale.

But the essence of the book and its abiding value lie in its references to the gradual estrangement of France from England after the lapse of the Anglo-American undertaking, projected at the Paris Peace Conference, to support France against eventual German attack. The United States withdrew from the undertaking, and Great Britain declined to uphold it single-handed. Mr. Lloyd George offered France a substitute for it at the Cannes Conference in January, 1922, but France spurned the offer as inadequate. The French policy of taking territorial pledges for security—which culminated, a year later, in the occupation of the Ruhr and in attempts to detach the Rhineland from Germany—gained the upper hand, despite British disapproval. The Ruhr occupation precipitated the collapse of German currency. This collapse, together with the failure both of German 'passive resistance' and of French designs, led to the Dawes Settlement and, indirectly, to the Locarno Treaty, by which Great Britain guaranteed the Franco-German frontier against attack from either side.

Upon some of the vicissitudes of this dangerous period Lord D'Abernon is not exhaustively informed. The inner history of the Franco-British reparations conference in December, 1922, of M. Poincaré's curt rejection of the Bonar Law scheme in January, 1923, and of the Loucheur visit to London at Easter, 1923, needs to be told more fully than Lord D'Abernon tells it. France cannot fairly be saddled with all the blame for the Ruhr occupation; nor were the ultimate effects of the occupation wholly evil.

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The D'Abernon film might perhaps be called 'All's Well That Ends Well'—with a subtitle to indicate that its author strove mightily to prevent an unhappy ending.

THE ARMIES OF THE FIRST FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE RISE OF THE MARSHALS OF NAPOLEON I. VOLUME 2. *Colonel R. W. Phipps. London: Oxford University Press. 1929. 21 shillings.*

(Philip Guedalla in *The Observer*, London)

I feel a vague parental responsibility for this excellent publication. Three years ago, when Colonel C. E. Phipps published the first installment of his father's work, he modestly invited critics to express their views as to the desirability of continuing it. (Few authors run such risks—and, if they did, how gloriously we might reduce the flow of printed books.) A small voice was raised upon this page, swelling a chorus of more impressive utterances which has encouraged him to proceed; and we are all entitled to take pride in this meritorious *fille du régiment*. Few areas of military history are less familiar to the normal student than the years of European war that lie between Valmy and the epiphany of General Bonaparte in 1796. Yet in those years and in the operations upon other fronts during and after his Italian years the Republic forged the weapon with which the Empire conquered Europe. We are so apt to think of Napoleon as the sole architect of his own destiny that we forget that he inherited a tradition of victory, an army with peculiar gifts, and a group of experienced subordinates. One of the author's objects was to trace the early stages in the career of the Napoleonic marshals; and it is peculiarly fascinating to observe those figures, in the wings, as they edge nearer to the stage on which their classical performances were subsequently given. The present volume contains the history of the French northeastern frontier from Valmy to the death of Hoche in 1797, and we can only acclaim it. The next installment is to deal with the southern frontiers and the Vendée. One hopes that Colonel Phipps will compress the familiar outlines of the Italian operations in order to give full scope for the civil war and the relatively unknown Pyrenean campaigns, which ambled casually along in sunshine

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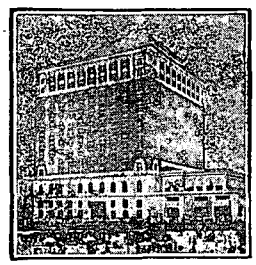

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where the shadows of few historians since Jomini have fallen. The preface of his first volume referred to 'a complete history of the French armies in Spain, 1808 to 1814,' and it is to be hoped that this material may eventually see the light as well. For it is impossible to appreciate the genius of Wellington and the fatal strain imposed by the Peninsula upon the military resources of the Empire without a study of the composition of the French armies in Spain and a continuous review of their military problem.

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THE STRICKEN DEER, *or* THE LIFE OF COWPER. *By Lord David Cecil. London: Constable. 1929. 15 shillings.*

(*Daily Telegraph*, London)

The cultured traditions of the Cecils are well maintained by Lord David Cecil, who has commenced another with an admirable volume on the poet, Cowper. Lord David has a tutorial fellowship at Wadham College, Oxford, where his task is to teach history. His books show him to possess the historical temper. He has a sympathetic understanding of the age of George the Third. What is even more important, he has the delicate intuition that is needed to make Cowper's sad story comprehensible; the 'stricken deer' tormented himself into madness again and again, but charmed his acquaintances and won the devotion of his friends.

There have been many lives of Cowper, from Hayley's rhetorical effort of 1802 onward, and yet the story is well worth telling anew. Lord David does not attach undue importance to Cowper's poetry, but he rightly sees an element of greatness in Cowper's long and arduous struggle against the mental obsessions that again and again overwhelmed him for a time. It was not his evangelicalism that sent Cowper off his balance in fear lest the Creator had forsaken him; Lord David justly observes that the years at Olney under the influence of John Newton were the happiest of Cowper's life.

The biographer portrays the well-known characters with skill and taste—the delightful and self-sacrificing Mary Unwin, the volatile Lady Austin, who inspired 'John Gilpin' and 'The Sofa,' the masterful and benevolent Lady Hasketh; Johnson, the kindly parson, who made a home in Norfolk for Cowper in his last tragic years.

Even Hayley, on whom so many biographers have poured out their vials of contempt, gets a kindly word at last; it was, after all, the egregious Hayley who worried ministers into granting the old poet a much-needed pension.

Lord David Cecil has indeed written a most satisfying book, as absorbing as any novel. When it is reprinted, however, he should correct the sadly numerous misprints and inaccurate dates.

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